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Men, Women and Books

CONCERNING RENAISSANCES

THAT BLESSED word, Renaissance! How Mesopotamian it was wont to sound! And they in whose mouths 'twas familiar as a household word, how learned, how primed with esoteric wisdom, how towering above our poor humanity like Pisa's wonder, yet leaning condescendingly earthwards! They had seen the Old Masters face to face, and survived; saints of art, they had had heavenly trances in old Italian churches; pilgrims of pleasure, they had kissed the stones of Venice. Ah, me! the more I look into the Renaissance for myself, the more the wonder fades, the golden glamor, the Mesopotamian mystery, and I see that its essential humanity might be brought home to the common bosom, babes and sucklings taught to prattle thereof, and Botticellis attached to the Kindergarten. Of the few who have written about it without pose or pretence, commend me to Mr. Bernhard Berenson,* whose new book, "The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance," completes what forms a remarkable, though perhaps undesigned, trilogy of art-criticism. For there are three and only three ways in which you may study art: through the artist, through his work, and through the historical environment which he expresses or influences. The first and last of these methods are the most popular: need it be said that the second—the work of art—is the only specific art-interest? How the artist worked and what he thought, what the age thought through him or of him—these are considerations that have their significance, but are not of the essence. But Mr. Berenson has proved his critical catholicity by accosting the trinitarian art-problem under each and all of these aspects. In his erudite and exhaustive monograph on "Lorenzo Lotto," he dissected the artist, resolving him into a series of slowly changing habits clustering about a nucleus of personality; in his "Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," he dwelt mainly upon the relation of the great colorists—Tintoretto, Titian, Giorgione—to the pomp and pageantry of their environment; and now, in his "Florentine Painters," he for the first time concentrates his keenest analysis upon the paintings themselves.

Why are these Old Masters great? What have they to say to me? Not the *me* of Jules Lemaitre, the accidental individual with his whims and vagaries, entertainingly expounding the adventures of his soul—*vagula, blandula*—among masterpieces, but the critical critic, the exquisitely cultivated *feeler*. For that criticism may be made more objective. Mr. Berenson seems firmly to believe: and to the glib scepticism—the "tot homines quot sententiæ" of those for whom there is no possible standard of taste, as there is of weights and measures—who point out that once people raved over the Venus di Medici and neglected Botticelli, whereas now Botticelli is at a monstrous premium, and the Venus has scarcely a market quotation; that Byron thrilled Europe when Keats's name was written in water; that sweet champagne was all the rage ere we smacked our lips over dry,—he would probably reply: True, most true, and pity 'tis 'tis true. But good wine is good wine, though only a few connoisseurs may know it: though there are twenty-five ways of looking at any subject, there is only one right way, and in time that way prevails; and all these varieties of taste, when analysed, are found to contain only five or ten per cent. of real varieties of taste, the bulk of the pother being about more or less irrelevant ingredients.

Thus, if Byron thrilled Europe, it was not by the specific *poetry* in his work, but by quite other elements. Europe was

thrilled by Voltaire, by Napoleon, by half a dozen other men, and is indeed less likely to be thrilled by pure poetry than by anything else in the world. If people have seemed to find rapture in statues and pictures that are now discredited, how much has been self-deception, how much culture-snobbery? In so far as a poet, a painter, a musician has addressed his day by elements not purely artistic, in so far he pays the penalty for contemporary influence. The thought, the emotion, of a past generation strike cold on the hot new age. Only by art is the artist saved; and, immoral though it sounds, the artist who turns aside from the pain and problems of his day—who forgets "six centuries of piston-stroke"—and builds himself an enchanted realm of beauty, is the artist with most chances of immortality. For an he be an apostle, the success or the failure of his mission—both are equally fatal to him: all roads lead to the apostles' cemetery. To Carlyle Truth was the supreme thing, and your brushmen and jinglers were niminy-piminy fellows; yet Carlyle survives mainly as a remembered thunderstorm, and a photographer by flashes of lightning. The eternal beauty of the world and of man and woman, the unchanging mysteries of life and death, love and hate, and the flux of things,

"eternal passion, eternal pain,"

these are the eternal themes for art, manifested, it is true, through the temporal, but not for the sake of the temporal color, nor the local. And so—for Mr. Berenson's ideal critic—artists, with all their jabber about technique, so self-conscious of that because the real art in them is unconscious, all their theories, true or mistaken, about their art or its methods, would be ignominiously waved aside; art is finally for the spectator, not the artist. The connoisseur in the banqueting-room does not care for the theories and quarrels of the kitchen. "You might as well say the man who can't make a plum-pudding can't enjoy a plum-pudding" was the sentiment of Dr. Johnson. The connoisseur is the autocrat of the dinner-table, not the cook. For the lover of poetry, Shelley's aspirations, sufferings, social Utopias—some of which, indeed, he shared with the youthful Southey—are of no more relevance than the outsider's chatter about Shelley. Endlessly interesting as they make Shelley the man, what have all these to do with the eternal pleasure of repeating—

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright?"

These lines would be just as enchanting if found carved on a Runic stone. "Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes."

What, then, is the specific quality of the arts, and what is the residuum of pure art by which even a topical work is saved for eternity? Much have all the arts in common—not only with one another, but with things not artistic. A poem or a picture may be edifying—*soit!* But so may a sermon by Spurgeon or General Booth. The sermons of Jeremy Taylor and Hooker, on the other hand, are art. Why? Herodotus is instructive, but so is a blue book. Evidently in each art—painting, sculpture, music, literature, acting—there must be not only the common quality which differentiates them from science, but also the specific quality which differentiates them from one another. The general quality is easier to lay one's finger on than the particular. Science studies Nature as she is. Art filters Nature through humanity—its aim is not Truth, but Beauty. But what is Beauty? It is one of Mr. Berenson's merits that he does not answer this question by anything involving the word Beautiful—a question-begging trick of fine writing, which does duty for much art-analysis, as though a chemist, asked to

*Harvard, Class of '87. Eds. CRITIC.

analyse water, should reply that it was a glorious, sparkling thing, and far healthier than Bacchic juice to boot! Mr. Berenson is able to dispense with the word "beautiful" even as, except for that blessed word in his title, he gets along without any of the sacro-sanct epithets, English or Italian, which give so imposing an air to our stock art-criticism. Nor, though he apparently follows Herbert Spencer in regarding all art as life-enhancing, subtly provoking in the spectator a keener sense of his own existence, does he care to reduce Beauty to a formula. Probably he thinks there is no one cause for what we call Beauty, and that the theorists like Dugald Stewart or Burke, who strove to generalise as to its source in association, utility or what not, were the dupes of a popular word. And so, limiting himself for the nonce to the beauty of the Florentine paintings—the pictures of Giotto, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Lippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto,—he has first pointed out that they all exhibit the quest for form, as distinct from the passion for color—which is the note of the Venetians,—and then set himself to inquire why represented form should gratify our æsthetic sensibilities. And, incidentally, he seems to say that form is *the* specific quality of the art of painting. And indeed, everything else—anecdote, historical or genre, grouping, spiritual significance, poetry, etc.—for which people go to pictures, and round which many of the so-called differences of taste really range,—is to be found in other arts and non-arts; color itself is a real sensation, not an artistic representation; besides, it can be photographed away without spoiling the essentially artistic content of the picture. Obviously, then, form is *the* artistic quality, the irreducible minimum. And this "form" may either be that which gives the sense of solidity, or that which gives the sense of grace. For the lines of a picture must either be decorative or combine to produce the impressions of real solid figures and objects.

* * *

THE SO-CALLED CELTIC RENAISSANCE

Sterne somewhere complains, in a sentence which is itself a shameless plagiarism from Burton, that the making of books, to which there is no end, is really a re-making: that we do but retwist old strands in endless new combinations. Nowadays, when men make an Anthology and call it a Renaissance, when the Mrs. Gamps of literature preside over Renaissances as mythical as Mrs. Harris, it is bewildering to think how many new Renaissances we could get by different permutations of our illustrious personages. Thus, for instance, I believe Mr. Hall Caine, who figures in a Manx Renaissance and now in a Celtic Renaissance, has also figured in a Liverpool Renaissance. But these are obviously far from exhausting the potentialities of poor innocent Mr. Hall Caine as an epoch-maker. Not to speak of an Anglo-Canadian Renaissance, he may easily loom large in a Westminster Renaissance, a Harley Street Renaissance, and so on with every place or parish at which he has ever lived—Renaissances supplied to any address. And just as any man may figure in any Renaissance, so there is no Renaissance into which you cannot get any man. Thus, in the Introduction to "Lyra Celtica," Mr. William Sharp—the editor's husband—only just restrains himself from including Shakespeare. He darkly hints that of Shakespeare's ancestry we know little. I marvel that he did not claim Hamlet as the true expression of the Celtic spirit. For if, as is true, the essence of this Celtic spirit be the haunting sense of defeat and doom (indeed, the natural sadness of a beaten race driven to the last verges of the western Continent), surely, a Hamlet is its incarnation. What more Celtic, too, than the witches in Macbeth? Milton, whom Mr. Sharp uncompromisingly claims as of Welsh blood, might have served as a pretext for including "Paradise Lost"—an epical theme that would naturally occur to the Celtic mind; and he has no excuse at all for not having included "Endymion," since Keats not only had a mother whose name was "Welsh of the Welsh," but is in genius

"preëminently a Celtic poet by virtue of the nationality of the brain." I fear that Mr. Sharp confounds Keats with Yeats: that there was distinctly a Celtic side, if Celtic means glamor and melancholy, to the genius of the author of "La Belle Dame sans Merci," is very obvious; but then, if we accept this definition of Celtic, there is no reason why the whole world's literature from Ecclesiastes to Werther should not be drawn upon for Celtic contributions.

Mr. Sharp himself sees that Coleridge and Shelley would have to be included by this definition, and he cannot resist suggesting an atavistic Celtic strain in their blood—it is indeed a "strain." He sees, too, that Moore, born in Ireland, is the least Celtic of poets. And yet, instead of drawing the glaring deduction that the Celtic poets do not invariably write Celtic poetry, and that Celtic poetry is not infrequently written by non-Celtic poets, and that therefore you might as well edit a Celtic anthology of poets who drank whiskey, Old Scotch or Old Irish, he tries to run the two principles of classification together, to hunt with the hounds and run with the Welsh rabbit; as when he says George Meredith "stands so far above all localization of this kind, that it would be out of place to rank him merely at the head of contemporary Wales. He is the foremost Anglo-Celtic voice of to-day, so emphatically foremost by the distinguishing qualities of his genius that if to-morrow he were proved to be come of a stock of long unmixed Saxon ancestry, never dissociated from that Southern country of which he is by birth a native, we should be justified in abiding by the far more significant and important lineage of the brain." This remarkable sentence achieves the feat, not only of simultaneously adopting two principles of classification that contradict each other, but of contradicting both of them independently. For, even if we permit Mr. Sharp thus to palter with his principles, to appeal to birth or to brain as the occasion demands, he gives up the case for birth by saying Mr. Meredith is too big for localization, and he gives up the case for brain by selecting Mr. Meredith as the typical Anglo-Celt (though here he has Fiona Macleod on his side). For what of Celtic, pray, is there in George Meredith? His wit, perhaps, his non-Saxon nimbleness; but of this quality Mr. Sharp takes no account. Meredith—of all the novelists of to-day—has the most robustious, optimistic temperament; of the earth, earthy; with a Shakespearian geniality of outlook upon the creation, and a happy blend of materialism and spiritualism.

"Into the lap that gave the rose
Shall I with shuddering fall?"

How is this trust in Mother Earth compatible with wistfulness? But perhaps Mr. Sharp does not mean that we ought to look for it in "Poems of the Joy of Earth." For two pages earlier we read that the Welsh Celt is totally distinct from the Gaelic Celt, and that, as regards Welsh and Irish, "the unlikeness is so marked that the best analogue is that of the Frenchman and the German. The Irish are the French of the Celtic races, the Welsh the Germans. The two people are distinct in their outer life as well as in their literature." Then were it as profitable to combine in one anthology Goethe and Villon. And the "neo-Celtic" Renaissance, which according to Mr. Sharp has extended from Ireland through Gaeldom, had "probably" nothing to do with the Welsh Renaissance, which was due to the "world-wide attention" drawn by the publication of the "Mabinogion." But then, likewise in the French branch of Celtism, even as represented by Mrs. Sharp's selections, I find not a little that is incongruous with her husband's characterization of the Celtic spirit. Indeed, the "Notes" freely admit as much *passim*, Mr. Sharp, for whom "*dolus latet in generalibus*," being sensible and instructive enough in particulars. He even writes:—"In the world of literature, there is no geography save that of the mind." Then why not stick to mental classification? Most people's minds are like a well-organized railway system: opposite trains of

thought, that would annihilate each other if they came into contact, are able to use the same line of rails by passing over it at different moments; and when two trains in awkward contradiction threaten to come up at the same moment, one of them is shunted. In Mr. Sharp's mind, however, contradictory trains of thought appear to smash into and annihilate each other without his being conscious that his literary track is strewn with the ruins of reason and the *débris* of logic. A Celtic Anthology that omits Burns, Scott and Moore, that hankers after Swinburne, slips in Stevenson, and boldly annexes Leconte de Lisle (that Frenchman with the soul of a Greek), may be pleasant to read, but as a scientific selection it is utterly unprincipled. Doom and gloom may be the notes of the Celtic spirit, but the note of "Lyra Celtica" is "boom." Still less do its pages make a Renaissance, or even a "neo-Celtic Renaissance" (which is like saying "for unto us a new child is re-born"). If these Renaissances do not give over, editors will soon have to add a new feature to their Birth, Marriage and Death columns, as thus:—

RENAISSANCE.

On the 11th instant, at the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, the wife of William Sharp of a Celtic Lyre. Still-born.

Mrs. Sharp has given us a charming anthology of "Sea-Poems"—let her now give us an anthology of the poetry of glamor and wistfulness, without reference to nativities. What a treasury of "Celtic magic" that will be, with the Saxon Wordsworth's magical lines for motto!—

"Old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago."

I. ZANGWILL.

Literature

"Democracy and Liberty"

By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE KNOWLEDGE that the American War of Independence was in no real sense of the word a democratic revolution is very slowly penetrating into the mind of the lay world, imbued with the misleading phrases of the Jeffersonian Declaration of Independence. It was the revolt of a nation that had grown to maturity silently, and, in the main, untrammelled by its mother, and which resented any unwonted maternal interference in its affairs. It was the result of a nearly wholly unconscious striving for national independence, not a revolt against a largely imaginary tyranny on the part of England. With the exception of Samuel Adams and of Thomas Jefferson, none of the statesmen of the day were democrats; none but these two had any confidence in the commonsense of the masses. The creed of the revolutionary statesmen in general was, that little should be done directly by the masses, but that all should be done for them by the nation's wisest and most honest men. The people were not even to elect the President. The social revolution followed the political; it was only after 1783 that the democratic revolution took place. Many Americans, like Jefferson, were fascinated by the *a priori* humanistic political philosophy of the French Revolution, according to which all men are born absolutely equal. The French doctrine of the inalienable rights of man, sanctioned by natural law, soon exercised a preponderating influence in the United States. This influence was strengthened by the emigration from the original thirteen states to the West.

In the new commonwealths founded there, every man had to work for his living; there were no rich and educated classes, and consequently no social distinctions. Every man, for the time being, was the equal of his neighbor. As a result of the combined influence of French thought and the reaction of Western ideas on the more civilized East, a strong movement in favor of absolute democracy set in. The first three decades of this century are characterized by a general movement in the states for removing those property qualifications from the suffrage, which the statesmen of the revo-

lutionary era deemed absolutely essential to the welfare of the state. This was the era of the establishment of universal suffrage in the United States. In 1828, the democratic revolution culminated in the election of a people's President—Andrew Jackson—with ideas of government approximating to Napoleonic *plébiscites*. Men sprung from the people, and as ignorant as the people, must replace the trained statesmen of the preceding years. The masses, striving for what Aristotle calls "absolute equality," rejected John Quincy Adams on account of his very superiority to them, just as the Athenian citizen ostracized the too just Aristides. Purity of purpose and intelligence were discouraged, and a premium was placed on the qualities that distinguish the demagogue.

From this time on, absolute democracy, based on universal suffrage, has obtained practically unquestioned in the United States. It has become a fetish; instead of *jure divino* monarchy, we have *jure divino* democracy. "Vox populi, vox Dei." The evils in our political life, that were apparent already in the fourth decade of this century, have been greatly increased by the influx of ignorant immigrants to whom the suffrage was naturally given, by making the Negroes voters, and finally by the ever-increasing complexity of our social conditions, rendering an intelligent exercise of the suffrage infinitely more difficult. Under the *régime* of absolute democracy, our cities have become hotbeds of political corruption, our commonwealth governments are controlled by dishonest bosses, our national legislature is manifestly incompetent, and the honesty of its members is openly challenged. A prominent New York merchant said recently that he would not decide about a large business transaction until "those devils in Congress had gone home." In the theatres, amidst popular applause, jokes are made about the incompetence of our legislators. Political corruption is so common that people merely shrug their shoulders. Patriotism is subservient to partisanship. The intelligence, honesty and wisdom of the community are devoted, not to governing the country, but to organized and largely futile attempts to prevent its misgovernment. As Mr. Lecky says, "in hardly any other country do the best life and energy of the nation flow so habitually apart from politics."

These evils are clearly recognized, yet few, very few, have the moral courage to attack their source—universal suffrage. No politician would dare do so, for it would be to his own undoing. And so ingrained is the spirit of political equality, that, while publicists and thinkers point out these evils in glaring colors, they in the same breath with reverent words extol their cause. As Stevenson wrote, "Man is a creature who lives not by bread alone, but principally by catchwords." How true this is, can be realized only when the rational justification for the majority of a man's opinions is subjected to a keen analysis. Unquestionably, pure democracy based upon universal suffrage is the most powerful of modern catchwords. The fault of the age is that it pays too much attention to the structure of the government, and too little to the workings of the machine.

For the English historian Lecky to raise his voice against absolute democracy does not require so much courage as it would for an American. In England universal suffrage is a comparatively recent institution, not yet in its teens, while we are taught from earliest childhood that absolute democracy is a quasi-sacred institution, a panacea for all evils. Lecky's purpose is to study "the present aspects and tendencies of the political world." Thus he does not confine his attention to the Anglo-Saxon states, but studies the workings of universal suffrage in all countries. After a keen and admirable analysis of the vote in a democratic state, he says:—"One of the great divisions of politics in our day is coming to be whether, at the last resort, the world should be governed by its ignorance or by its intelligence." With Maine, he looks with dismay at the rule of mere numbers, saying that the day will come when "it will appear one of the strangest facts in the history of human folly that such a theory was re-

garded as liberal and progressive." This is significant, for remember, it is the author of the history of rationalism who is speaking. Thus, this work is an arraignment of Rousseauism and Jeffersonism, and an appeal to the English public not to be led away by a *a priori* philosophy, but to be guided, as heretofore, by reason and experience in introducing changes into the body politic. This has always been a marked characteristic of English statesmen, as contrasted with those of France.

Mr. Lecky's views correspond in the main with those of America's greatest political thinker, Alexander Hamilton. He believes that property, intelligence and vested interests should govern a country, and that it is extremely dangerous to allow people who pay no taxes to vote away the money of others. At no time, he contends, has there been a greater separation between taxation and representation. "Pure democracy is one of the least representative of governments," he writes, and, according to him, "the world has never seen a better constitution than England enjoyed between the Reform Bill of 1832 and the Reform Bill of 1867." He shows keen insight into American conditions, justly maintaining that only our written Constitution, with its civil liberty clauses, and others limiting the action of the Government, has prevented the evils that beset our political system from becoming unbearable. In the absence of any restrictions on Parliament, which, as has been said, can do anything but change a man into a woman, he sees England's greatest danger. In this he agrees with a distinguished American political scientist, Prof. Burgess, with whose writings, however, Mr. Lecky is apparently unacquainted. He wisely says that "of all the forms of government that are possible among mankind, I do not know any which is likely to be worse than the government of a single omnipotent chamber." Such a body is apt to be rash, to reflect the ephemeral mood of the hour, and to make organic changes without due deliberation.

Mr. Lecky teaches the lesson that political liberty, or the right to aid in creating the government, is much less important than civil liberty, which protects the individual from the government he creates. His criticism of the tendencies in English political life is very pessimistic. The House of Commons he declares to be declining; the caucus and party machine have been introduced, and the professional politician and demagogue are more and more pushing aside men of high character and ability. His estimate of Gladstone as "a supreme master of the art of evasion," while reminding us of Lowell's dictum about the facility of the same statesman, "for extemporizing life-long convictions," will shatter many an American's ideal. But, as in the case of America, so with regard to England, Lecky emphasizes the fact that its national character is not decadent, "though its [England's] constitution is plainly worn out, though the balance of power within it has been destroyed, and though diseases of a serious character are fast growing in its political life." This partially contradicts a statement in another place, that, "in the long run, the increasing or diminishing importance of character in public life is perhaps the best test of the progress or decline of nations." Democracy, he concludes, is not liberty, but tyranny of the majority and interference with the individual in nearly every act of his daily life. "Violations of liberty do not lose their character because they are the acts, not of kings or aristocracies, but of majorities of electors." The fact that Mr. Lecky finds identically the same evils cropping up in England as exist amongst us, will be a source of mental uneasiness to those, who, under the guidance of the late George William Curtis, have always held that the "spoils system" was the *causa causarum* of most of our troubles. For in England the "spoils system" does not exist, and fortunately there are no indications that it ever will.

The consideration of the above questions, those purely political in nature, and of which naturally only the most meagre outline can be given here, occupies somewhat less than half of Mr. Lecky's 1100 pages. The balance of the work is devoted to a discussion of all the questions of the

day, such as the influence of the Catholic Church on voters, Sunday legislation, the liquor question, marriage and divorce, socialism, labor questions and woman-suffrage. Mr. Lecky's standpoint is that of the individualist and *laissez-faire* economist. But he is never *doctrinaire*, and, in discussing all of these questions at considerable length, shows a broad spirit, combined with vast knowledge and admirable Anglo-Saxon commonsense. In fact, rationality and sanity are predominant characteristics of the work. Economists who, having in view merely the more just incidence of income taxes and *ad valorem* import duties, desire to introduce these forms of taxation in America, without considering the premium they give to dishonesty, should weigh Mr. Lecky's words, written in reference to an entirely different matter:—"To me, at least, the first and greatest service a government can render to morals seems to be the maintenance of a social organization in which the path of duty and the path of interest as much as possible coincide; in which honesty, industry, providence and public spirit naturally reap their rewards, and the opposite vices their punishment."

The work as a whole is very stimulating to thought. It is a keen analysis of modern political tendencies, full of trenchant criticisms and valuable suggestions. Its spirit is that of one who has the interests of civilization most closely at heart. And as a result of the author's earnestness, the literary quality of the work is a decided improvement upon that of his History of England. The language is limpid, forcible and very rarely commonplace. From page after page one would like to cull compact sentences, pregnant with meaning. The work is not a systematic treatise, such as a political scientist would write; it is written, rather, from the standpoint of the scholar and statesman combined. Its main fault is that it is almost purely destructive. The remedies Mr. Lecky proposes for the evils that are springing up in England, if efficacious at all, would be only partially remedial. Proportional representation, "fancy franchises," the referendum, would not go to the root of the trouble. Mr. Lecky is too practical a man to propose such a heroic remedy as restriction of the suffrage, for he knows too well that, although universal suffrage was granted before the people were fully ripe for it, yet it would be absolutely impossible to restrict it now, unless, perhaps, by violent revolution. And then the cure would be worse than the evil. Universal suffrage must be taken as a permanently established institution, and the only way to cure the many evils that have followed in its wake, is through the political education of the masses.

But Mr. Lecky does not believe in the spread of popular education. Like Prof. Goldwin Smith, he contends that in every society, a large number of the people must perform purely physical tasks, requiring but little intelligence, and that education unfits men for work of this nature. Such work is, however, absolutely essential. Someone must handle the spade and clean the streets. Besides, the half-education that the lower classes always inevitably receive, makes them very apt to take hold of glittering Utopias, and converts an unintelligent and negatively dangerous voter into one positively so. Thus Mr. Lecky's work is excessively gloomy, for he has reached an unsurmountable barrier. This fact is in harmony both with his opinion that "King Hazard" exercises a powerful influence over the destinies of humanity, and with his rejection of the views of the evolutionary school of historians, who, naturally, are all optimists. The evils that he points out are undoubtedly not exaggerated, and their cause is truly indicated; and yet we maintain that pure democracy is a decided step in advance in historical evolution. The trouble has been that the suffrage was granted too hastily, and the optimistic, and also, as we think, the scientific view is, that the people, after a longer apprenticeship, will be able to exercise the suffrage honestly, seriously and intelligently. We are living, unfortunately, in the beginning of this period, for in historical evolution a few decades count for naught.

Mr. Fuller in a New Field

The Puppet-Booth: Twelve Plays. By Henry B. Fuller. The Century Co.

THERE IS in current American literature no more interesting personality than that of Henry Fuller. "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani"—a first book, brought out pseudonymously, at his own expense, through a publishing-house whose imprint carried no weight—had the good fortune to win its way at once to the hearts of the select few who love a book for its literary quality. Mr. Lowell and Prof. Norton were its most ardent, as well as its most eminent, admirers, and their encomiums introduced it to a comparatively wide audience, and paved the way for its reappearance in more fitting garb and with stronger backing. It is no disparagement of Chicago to say that to many it seemed a paradox that one of the most polished and perfect books of American production—one that would have been attributed to an author wholly unexposed by the strenuousness of latter-day conditions—should have had its origin in the most modern, practical and aggressive city in the world.

"The Chatelaine of La Trinité," which followed the "Chevalier" in no great while, confirmed the pleasant impression its forerunner had created. But then came "The Cliff-Dwellers"—a work in which the newest corner of the new world was revealed to itself with a vividness as far removed as possible from the mellow half-light in which old-world scenes and ideals were adumbrated in the author's first book. And in his next novel, "With the Procession," Chicago was again searched to the heart and painted to the life. It were hard to say wherein lay the chief value of these later volumes—whether in their purely literary power and charm, or in their authenticity as records of the development of a vast community whose growth began but yesterday—a development typical of that wide and vigorous West, where, as someone has observed, the *Zeitgeist* has to hustle, to keep up with the *Ewig Weibliche*.

Having thus surprised his earlier readers by bringing out in rapid succession two works radically unlike those by which he had first achieved a reputation, Mr. Fuller now ventures into a field wholly different from either of the two where he had learned to look for him. It is a field new not alone to him, indeed, but untilled by any native author. If there is a weirdness about some of the themes and situations suggestive of Poe, and a pervasive moral quality that reminds one of Hawthorne, it is in the matter, not the form, that the resemblance lies, in either case, and in a highly imaginative power that places these twelve little one-act plays on a level with the work of the masters we have named. In some respects, too, they call to mind the plays of Maeterlinck; though from these they differ radically by virtue of a humorous quality in which the dramas of the Belgian are notably deficient. Humor does not pervade them all. It is present chiefly in the last four pieces—"Northern Lights," which is not so much a parody of Ibsen, as a projection of the author's mind into that of the Norwegian dramatist; "The Stranger Within the Gates," wherein Mr. Fuller pays Messrs. Hope and Weyman the compliment of conscious, albeit exaggerated, imitation; "The Story-Spinner" and "In Such a Night"—a reunion, by moonlight, at the Columbian World's Fair, of the leading characters in the author's previous books. In this last bit of comedy, which concludes the series, may be found the most striking description of the unique beauty of the Court of Honor that has yet appeared in prose.

No one of the twelve plays resembles any of the others. The scene of each is laid in that No Man's Land which may be said to be Everyman's Land; for there is an element of allegory in the humorous, the pathetic and the tragic pieces alike, that gives them a universal interest. So little of them is superficial that, adequately translated, they would appeal as strongly to a cultivated reader in France or Germany, if not, indeed, in Russia or Greece, as to the public to which they are more immediately addressed. We shall be very

much surprised if the imaginative force of "The Cure of Souls," "The Love of Love," "At St. Judas's" and "The Dead-and-Alive," and the singular purity of the author's English throughout, do not command a hearing for the book on the other side of the water, as well as on this.

The choice of a title does not seem to us especially happy. "The Puppet-Booth" certainly conveys no notion of the character of the book—no hint of the profoundly human note it strikes. It may be said, by the way, that the plays are meant for the closet only; yet at least one of them—"Northern Lights"—might be effectively presented on the stage. All of them are rich in suggestions to the painter, though the reader feels no need of illustrations to reinforce the text.

"The United States of America"

1765-1865. By Edward Channing, Ph. D. Cambridge Historical Series. Macmillan & Co.

THE LACK OF good short histories of the United States, which students were lamenting half a dozen years ago, has been abundantly met. The late Alexander Johnston of Princeton, and Messrs. John Fiske, Allen C. Thomas of Haverford and Harry Pratt Judson of the University of Chicago, have given us, in single-volume works, a satisfactory outline of the country's career, Prof. Fiske's work being primarily designed for schools. In the series of Epochs of American History, Messrs. Reuben Gold Thwaites of the Wisconsin Historical Society, Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard and Woodrow Wilson of Princeton have covered the ground in three small volumes, while in the American History Series, Messrs. George Park Fisher of Yale, W. M. Sloane of Princeton, Francis A. Walker and John W. Burgess of Columbia have done it in four volumes equally diminutive. President Andrews of Brown has accomplished it in two moderate-sized volumes. All these works have made their appearance in the past four or five years.

Prof. Channing's small and attractive volume is a very creditable addition to this list. It takes up the story half a score of years before the battle of Lexington, or about the time when the encroachments and blunders of the mother country began to create the resentment of the colonies, and it brings the record down to the close of the Civil War. As is the fashion in recent histories, great and small, this book gives considerable attention to the social life of the people, and the chapters and parts of chapters dealing with this part of the subject are among the most interesting and valuable portions of the book. The demands of historical proportion are better preserved here than they are in some of the other works mentioned above, although up to page 134 the volume is devoted to the period ending with 1789, when the Government under the Constitution went into operation, while the events between 1789 and 1865 are crowded into the remaining 166 pages. It would be unjust, however, to assume that the proportionate space given to the two periods represents the author's idea of their relative importance. At the beginning of a historical book, certain forces and tendencies have to be described, in order to make the subsequent narrative intelligible, an appropriate setting for the whole story must be framed, and a good deal of other preliminary work must be done, which necessarily fills much space. It certainly cannot be said of this book with as much truth as of some others covering this field, that it is a history of the colonial period with an appendix for the national era.

Several errors into which Prof. Channing has fallen ought to be pointed out. For instance, he mentions (page 150) "Pinckney" as holding a place on the Adams presidential ticket in 1796, and as being one of the three commissioners sent to treat with France soon afterward (page 151), no christian name being given in either case, which conveys the impression that the same individual is meant. The Pinckney on the Adams ticket in 1796 was Thomas, while the commissioner to France was his older and greater brother, Charles Cotesworth. Speaking of the Whig party at the time of the

campaign of 1840 (page 225), Prof. Channing says that Clay was defeated for the nomination because, though the ablest man in his party, he was "unpopular." Clay was "unpopular" with a few of the bosses of his party, who defeated him in the convention through the "favorite son" dodge, which was then not so familiar as it is now, and by the employment of the most elaborate scheme to thwart the will of the people ever known in a national convention. Nearly to the day of his death, Clay was the idol of the rank and file of his party. "Tyler had intrigued for a renomination," says Prof. Channing (page 230), "but, conscious that he had no chance of being elected, he withdrew, and Polk was nominated." Tyler's name did not figure in the convention which nominated Polk. The great aspirants in that assemblage were Van Buren and Cass, with R. M. Johnston and James Buchanan looming up as possibilities. The deadlock between Van Buren and Cass created the situation which sent the dark horse, Polk, to the front. A convention, composed chiefly of office-holders, met in the same city and at the same time as the Polk gathering, and nominated Tyler. He accepted the candidacy, but withdrew a few weeks later.

The author further says (page 267), that, "largely through the exertions of General Lyon, who lost his life in the struggle, Missouri was prevented from joining the Southern cause." This statement is true so far as it goes, but it would have been truer had he said that, "chiefly through the exertions of Francis P. Blair, Jr., Missouri was prevented," etc. Blair was the directing and inspiring influence behind Lyon. He did more than any other man to organize victory for the Union cause in Missouri. The assertions (page 297) that "Robert E. Lee was the ablest soldier of the war" and that Albert Sidney Johnston was "the ablest Confederate commander in the West" (page 290), are judgments which at this day will hardly go unchallenged. Lee's management of the Gettysburg campaign, and Johnston's of that of Shiloh, hardly justify this high praise. However, these are matters on which critics differ. There are errors in dates and facts in the book which lack of space prevents our mentioning. Still, it is a very creditable piece of work. The knowledge of history displayed by the author is vast, his grasp of the subject is firm, and his style is admirably clear, direct and simple.

Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc"

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. By the Sieur Louis de Conte, her Page and Secretary. Translated by Jean François Alden. Illus. by F. V. Du Mond. Harper & Bros.

THE LITERATURE of the present century has been to a singular extent occupied with the Maid of Orleans. Exactly one hundred years ago, Coleridge and Southey were busy in collaboration upon her history, and Lamb was reviewing them in long letters to Coleridge; to-day she disputes with Napoleon, Washington and Lincoln the honor of furnishing forth many pages of American magazines; and the question of her canonization is mooted by enthusiastic advocates. All this is only a fair compensation for the wrongs she has received during the same period. The iconoclasm of republican France has not spared even what she thought would be her eternal memorial; the tax-gatherer, who had for 360 years passed by Domrémy, since the Revolution has performed his office again; and a mob without ideas or ideals has made a bonfire of her standard and other precious relics, which used to be sacredly kept in the treasury at Orleans.

The book before us excited general interest before a line of it had been read, being skilfully announced as "by the most popular of magazine writers." Since the question, who might be considered lawfully entitled to this designation, was one that admitted of different answers, the curious looked forward hopefully to the possibility of a new Junius controversy, the old one being worn somewhat threadbare,

and "the author of 'Waverley'" having long since revealed himself. But the excitement was of short duration. The hand of Mr. Clemens was too well known not to be at once recognized in this fresh and breezy narrative. The authorship soon became an open secret, and the pretence of anonymity had almost ceased to be kept up before the finished work saw the light with the name of Mark Twain boldly emblazoned upon the cover. Another interesting feature in its publication was that it ran its serial course simultaneously with Mr. Andrew Lang's treatment of the same theme. Both professed to be the narratives of contemporaries, yet nothing could be more totally dissimilar than the styles of the two. Mr. Lang, who has spent so much time in the company of "those mediæval Frenchmen," and who has so acute a literary perception, came very near to reproducing the mental attitude of his period; but Mr. Clemens is as much a Yankee at the court of King Charles as he was once at that of King Arthur. His title-page proposes a free translation into modern English of the Sieur Louis de Conte's narrative, and so may be said to postulate a fairly wide license in style. That is well enough; and, indeed, it may be said that a good actual translation, that uncommonly rare thing, reads so that, if one did not know it to be otherwise, one might suppose the book to have been written in English. What we notice here is that Mr. Clemens has apparently not even tried to make the style-setting of his picture harmonize with his historical facts—in other words, to portray his characters in the dress of the period.

There are those who will say that this is of small importance, provided the other qualities of the book be high—just as Paul Veronese's "Marriage of Cana" is not less valuable because one of the figures in the group has brought a gun to the feast. But anachronisms are less in favor now than they were in Veronese's time, and we fear that Mr. Clemens's best defence is to assert that he has been frankly and consistently anachronistic all the way through. If he meant to be so, if he says to us that we are to expect nothing else, there's an end of it, and we drop the subject. Otherwise, if a plea of "not guilty" were entered, and a defence set up, we should have a good deal to say for the prosecution. We should adduce, for one thing, the occasional lapses into American slang. Says the Sieur Louis de Conte:—"There was one English gun that was getting our position down fine." He tells us that "the court had a fashion of coming back to a subject every little while and spooking around it." He may plead here the seductive qualities of a word which has so captivated *The Saturday Review* that it has not for years been able to speak of a certain grave body otherwise than as the "Society for Spookical Research." But the most remarkable piece of modern English is the statement that, if Joan had been taken prisoner at Orleans, "Charles VII. would have flown the country." We can imagine a critic of the German conjectural school putting in his *apparatus criticus* a note to this passage: "*Pro* country, *probabilius legendum* coop"—an emendation which is certainly tempting. These things might have been remedied with one stroke of the pen; the more vital defect which we had in mind (if we are to argue the question), is the use, so very frequently that we can scarcely begin to give instances, of expressions inseparably bound up with modern habits of thought. La Hire is "a Vesuvius of profanity, ever in eruption," and again "a cyclopædia of sin." We read of "a promissory note, with no indorser," and that "the house rose to a man." Here are a few more, selected at random:—"Take off his official head," "the best background for a poem," "on the other side of the globe" (this in 1492!), "that unsentimental thing, a Government"; and so we might go on indefinitely, if it were worth while.

But if we are to take the thing as it stands, just as "a beautiful and honorable tribute" (in the Sieur Louis de Conte's words) to the Maid, for whom Mr. Clemens's enthusiasm knows no bounds; as a very new bottle with good old

wine in it; as a book to be read for the story without afterthought—then it will come under other laws and be judged by other standards. It will not, to be sure, hurt the fame of "Esmond," or "Kenilworth," or "John Inglesant" by comparison; but it is a good, straightforward, hearty story of a great and noble life. There is no little of the irrepressible Mark Twain humor in it, too—all "with a United States twist," of course, but droll as of old. And the best of it is that many people who would avoid what they call dry histories will be beguiled by the fashion of it into reading it through and learning a great deal, without suspecting that they are getting what the *Sieur Louis de Conte* might call "solid chunks of history." For the critical reader, the marks of joining between fact and fiction are a little too apparent; but we have perhaps allowed the critical reader to dominate too exclusively our consideration of the book, and have failed to make it plain that it is one which very many people will find charming, while few will escape being carried away by the author's contagious enthusiasm into an abiding admiration for his brave and spotless heroine.

Some of Mr. Du Mond's excellent illustrations have been reproduced from paintings and statues; the others bear evidence of thorough historical study.

"The Heart of a Continent"

By Capt. Frank E. Younghusband. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WE FIRST MADE the acquaintance of that ubiquitous and ever happy member of the Indian Staff corps, Capt. Younghusband, on the top of the Ever-White Mountain, looking down (in the pages of Mr. James's "Long White Mountain") over Korea, Manchuria and the kingdoms of the world generally; and we knew, from the description of him given there, that the Captain, when he should have completed his rides and tramps across Asia, would have a good story to tell. And we are not disappointed. We prefer to call his handsome octavo "On Asia's Backbone," rather than by the title he has given it; for, though marching generally midway between the Arctic and Indian oceans, he yet lived most of the time in rarefied air, and his adventures were mostly on the great plateau, the highest and largest in the world, that lies between the mountains west of Vladivostok and the Himalayas. He hobnobbed with the Russians at both ends of the continent, and tells us a good deal about the hospitality, kindness and enthusiasm of the rivals of the British, who evidently treated him well.

Narratives of modern travelers in Manchuria, Kirin and Liao-tung are not very numerous, and, the Chino-Japanese war being so recent and the Russian soldiers and railway-builders so active in that part of the world, one naturally reads with avidity the author's account of his adventures in this region, map in hand. One wonders whether, instead of being a big bear, Russia is not a colossal monkey that has used Japan to pull the Korean chestnut out of the Chinese fire, making a good meal without herself being burned. When one sees how Russia outwitted China in 1861, seizing vast territory that brought her frontier next to Korea, he wonders how much of her land north of the Great Wall the Flowery Kingdom is next to lose. The draughtsmen are hardly accurate, however, in keeping on the face of the map the old wooden "palisades" running (on paper only) from the Great Wall northeasterly to beyond the Sungari river, and across and down southeastwardly over what used to be called "the neutral strip" between Korea and China. A whole generation ago, Li Hung Chang generously (to China) wiped out this neutral strip by annexing it and opening up the land to Chinese farmers. The palisades have very little existence, except as graphic phenomena inherited from old books and map-makers. To this day, however, that line of demarcation between the farmer and the nomad, civilization and barbarism, the Great Wall, still exists between the Chinese and the Mongols. The former cultivate the soil, the

latter leave it wild. Of Peking the author says nothing except to call attention to its filth and the hospitality of its foreign residents.

Despite the Captain's superb health, overflowing animal spirits and determination to enjoy everything, the journey in Western China, through Mongolia, was on the whole rather monotonous. In the description of Chinese Turkestan, his most interesting paragraphs are about the stolid and ultra-conservative Chinese wisacres, who still continue to believe that all wisdom will die with the sons of Han, while the western nations are little better than mechanics, wasting their thoughts on what is proper only for blacksmiths. Having passed the great desert of Gobi and Chinese Turkestan under the southern slope of the Tian Shan mountains, the author entered the heart of the Himalayas, where much of the travelling was done over ice and snow. He and his comrades in danger were often roped together. The route lay often over sharp stones and rocky debris of glaciers, alternately over mountains and through valleys, and between colossal masses of gravel and boulders. The Gurkhas made good travelling companions. Though not at home on the backs of ponies, they were well able to stand great hardships in climbing, being especially courageous. In 1890 the author spent most of his time in exploring the Pamirs. He spent a winter at Kashgar, and in later years, after a brilliant little campaign in which Safder Ali was subdued, was sent to Hunza, where a British representative was established. Early in 1893 he took part in the Chitral campaign, remaining as agent of Great Britain. He gives a lively account of these sulky-looking Chitralis. With that wonderful sympathy with all kinds of men which shows itself in every chapter, Capt. Younghusband explains why the hill-folk are so gloomy in winter, when nature is dead, and why they are then so given to treasons, stratagems and spoils, while in summer they are more ethical and tractable—because there is then something to do for them, and something to enjoy.

Altogether, this book is wonderfully full of interest and information about that great debatable land which is probably, within a century, to be parcelled out between Russia and Great Britain. Ten years were spent by Capt. Younghusband in his various travels, for, being a soldier, he was summoned to duty in various fields and campaigns. Even in December 1895, while reading proofs for this work, he was called to a distant part of the world at a few hours' notice. His book has been completed by Mr. John Murray. The closing chapter is one of great value, discussing astronomy, mountains, human evolution and other themes. The author believes that other races are fully as brave and mentally no less capable than his own, but comes to the conclusion, after a very reasonable discussion of the subject, that his countrymen owe their supremacy to their manifest moral superiority over Asiatic races. His opinions on the missionary question are worth vastly more than those of the average traveler who rides through a country, or dines with foreign merchants in Constantinople or Shanghai, and then fondly imagines that he has fathomed the subject. Capt. Younghusband, without being led astray by either hostile or friendly statistics, fervid rhetoric or heated denunciation, brings the results of his long observation of life and society in Europe and Asia to bear upon the theme. He shows himself a warm upholder of Christian missions, while at the same time heartily appreciative of the religion of his fellow-men on that great continent which, having first emerged into history, has so richly blessed others and which he himself has so thoroughly explored. He has made a notable contribution to the literature on the regions with which he deals.

The maps, four in number, are remarkably clear and informing; the illustrations, by Mr. A. D. McCormick of Himalayan fame, are excellent. A well-made index completes the book in a worthy manner.

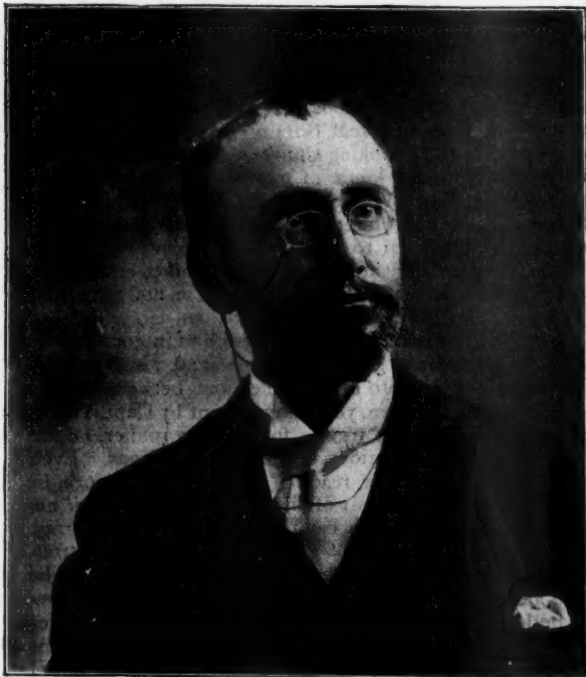
Oliver Wendell Holmes

WE LOVED him well—or gay, or sad,
In radiant prose, or verse his metre;
For when he smiled, the world seemed glad
And love and life grew sweeter.
Or did he sigh? then so did we,—
A sympathy so close did bind us
In twinkling mirth his form we see,—
And all our tears of him remind us.
Perennial sunshine kept him sweet,
And nestled warm within him,
No halo of a saint effete,—
But heaven's own shining in him.
Then come, soft winds, and whispering tell
The world's refrain—we loved him well.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

Henry Cuyler Bunner

MR. BUNNER, of whose health we had lately received discouraging reports, died of consumption at his home in Nutley, N. J., on May 11. He was born in Oswego, N. Y., 3 Aug. 1855, but



was educated in this city. After a short period in the offices of a business house, he entered journalism in 1873, on the staff of *The Arcadian*, a paper that struggled along after a fashion until 1877, in which year its publication was discontinued. Mr. Bunner then became assistant editor of *Puck*, which had just been started, and soon afterward became its editor, continuing in that capacity till the day of his death. He contributed extensively to the columns of his own paper, and also to those of the magazines. As novelist, short-story writer and poet, he was equally successful.

His first book, "A Woman of Honor," was published in 1883, and was followed in 1884 by "Airs from Arcady," which ranks among the most successful of recent books of verse. "Studies in Story-telling," written in collaboration with Mr. Brander Matthews, was published in London; and then came the well-known "Midge" and "The Story of a New York House." The popular "Short Sixes," a volume of short stories, was published in 1890, and, followed up, a few years later, with "More Short Sixes" and "The Runaway Browns." Other volumes of short stories from Mr. Bunner's pen were "Made in France," adaptations, rather than translations, of stories by Guy de Maupassant; and "Zadoc Pine." "Rowen," a second bundle of verse, was published in

1892. A series of urban and suburban stories, the last of which will appear in the June *Scribner's*, under the title of "A Letter to Town," will undoubtedly be published in book-form later on. In collaboration with Mr. Julian Magnus, Mr. Bunner wrote a play, "The Tower of Babel," which was produced in Philadelphia in 1883, and he was one of the writers of "A Portfolio of Players," brought out in 1888. He was also favorably known as a lecturer. In politics his influence was cast invariably in favor of purity and independence. Yale conferred upon him the degree of master of arts in 1894.

Mr. Bunner leaves a widow (who was Miss Alice Learned of New London, Conn.), a son and two daughters.

"Vera Voronzoff"

By Sonia Kovalevsky. Rendered into English by Anna von Rydingsvärd (Baroness von Proschwits). Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

THE AMERICAN publishers of Kovalevsky's posthumous novel have done a good deed in making the book more easily accessible in this country. It is sure to have a wide circle of readers, and the attractive form in which it has been got up will be felt by them to have a distinct appropriateness. There is even a peculiar harmony between the uncompromising red and blue and black and white of the binding and the strong tones of the story between the covers, which deals with the elementary passions of a people whose one simple duty in life is to sacrifice all in the fight against tyranny. There is little need of non-primary colors in depicting the scenes in which they move. There is not much to choose between this translation and the one issued in England (noticed in *The Critic* of March 21); both are in plain and simple English of no great charm. They have probably been made from different versions of the original, for it is known that "The Raevsky Sisters" appeared in several different forms; and it is difficult to account otherwise for the fact that each translation contains many paragraphs and parts of paragraphs which are not to be found in the other. The book is not allowed to circulate in Russia, and secret orders have been issued to the Russian press to the effect that even the name of Kovalevsky shall not be mentioned hereafter. In such circumstances one may well waver as to what forms of speech are on the hither side of the safety line. As regards the separate sentences, one is struck again with the extreme variety which can be given to the expression of the simplest fact, even when there is some effort to follow the model set by an original. These two books, when read together, remind one of the exercise sometimes given to children, to rewrite a passage without using any of the words of the original. Here is an example chosen at hazard:—

"At half past nine, those of us who had the right of admission passed into the great hall, between two rows of gendarmes who eyed us suspiciously and carefully examined our tickets."

"At a quarter of nine, we happy possessors of tickets were allowed to file in between two columns of gendarmes, who scrutinized our faces carefully and suspiciously and convinced themselves of our right to be there."

In a dozen pages or so, only one sentence turned out to be alike in both volumes:—"Vera did not sleep."

"Cinderella"

And Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A NEW BOOK by Mr. Davis is at least one of the minor events of contemporary American literature. He has won for himself a large following, and, though he cannot be said to add to our stock of wisdom, he at least succeeds in helping us to recuperate from the arduous task of digesting "problem-novels." The five stories in this volume have already appeared in various periodicals—*Scribner's*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Weekly* and *Young People*; and the last and best, "The Reporter Who Made Himself King," in a book addressed to younger readers. The plot of one of them seems to point to poverty of imagination, but this semblance is belied by the others. We cannot help thinking that Van Bibber has served Mr. Harding long and faithfully, and that it is time for him to retire gracefully on the laurels he has won. He reappears here in the first tale, "Cinderella," and we cannot help applying the word "saphead" to him and to his friend. He is a very poor *deus ex machina*, and the little wheels on which he is trundled across the stage creak woefully. Moreover, we cannot, in our democratic simplicity, conceive of so much aristocracy, of such utter ignorance of the masses. The anecdote of the Lord Almighty and the black beetle suggests itself strongly to our minds as we read of this descendant of simple Dutch immigrants who is so utterly, unutterably and inconceivably far removed from the vulgar herd. Let us write Van Bibber's epigraph, and hope that

he may never appear again: he was a nice, interesting boy, but unconsciously somewhat of a snob.

Of the remaining stories we can only say that they are very good in their *genre*, which is Mr. Davis's own—especially "An Assisted Emigrant," which is very poetic in conception and well carried out. "The Reporter Who Made Himself King" is a rattling good story, full of movement, imagination, humor and the "American spirit." It is so good that the reader will be led to return to it more than once. Taken altogether, then, this is a most satisfactory book, for there will be many to rejoice at Van Bibber's reappearance. The book is brought out at the right moment—at the beginning of summer, when mankind is ready to be amused leisurely and kept in good spirits.

"The Light that Lies"

THE TITLE of this little book by Cockburn Harvey, extracted from its context, is unfortunately equivocal. We had heard of a "Light that Failed," and were tempted to suppose that this one might have entered upon a course of deceit, until the quotation from Tom Moore, on the title-page, explained to us that it only "lies in woman's eyes." But once launched upon a career of suspicion, we readily took up with another puzzle held out to us by the dedication. Here the book is called "veracious." We hope we may exclude the theory that this epithet connotes an autobiographical study, for the hero of its complicated developments might with advantage go to school to such a scapegrace as Henry Kingsley's Lord Welter, and learn that "there are some things a fellow can't do, you know"; but it can hardly have any application to his own habits of speech, for, whatever the Light may do, he certainly lies in a manner which is frequent and painful and free. The book seems to be a sort of attempt at American "Dolly Dialogues," coupled with the reminiscence of the adventures of Mr. Anstey's luckless Peter Tourmalin—though here the legitimate claimant of the fickle young man's affections is a faith-cure prophetess, which is even worse than delighting in Buckle's "History of Civilization." The book, however, if not judged by too high a critical standard, is not seldom amusing, and the diversion of an idle hour may be found in following Mr. Harry Merton in and out of apparently hopeless entanglements. And, after all, many of us read for recreation only. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"Hishter O'Ryan"

A BRIEF AND explicit note, to the effect that "there is no intention to discuss in this story the merits of any form of political opinion," prefaces this story by Edward McNulty. If the strict meaning of the word "discuss" be pressed, no doubt this statement is justified; but there is something far more telling than mere discussion in the vivid presentation of a type of the factious demagogues who have helped to make Ireland the distressful country it has been of late years, and in the equally vivid picture of the methods employed to persuade hesitating minds. The ardent Irish "patriot," whom the green and the shamrocks of its cover might beguile into reading it, would doubtless resent the picture most warmly; but there is only too much reason for accepting it as a truthful counterpart to many unhappy facts which could be adduced from authoritative sources. Apart from its value in this direction, the book is a remarkably fresh and real expression of Irish habits and characteristics. Besides the eponymous hero, there is a capital parish priest; and a pathetic old peasant enlists our warm sympathy before he dies a victim of the system to which Captain Boycott was so unfortunate as to give a name.

The brave-hearted Nora Kennedy is an attractive figure; and there is a deep human interest, wider than national, in the tie that links Father Pat with the man who enters the town as a tramp to leave it a Member of Parliament, and in the alternate attraction and repulsion which agitate the priest's mind. (Edward Arnold.)

A Book and its Story

MRS. GASKELL AND HER "LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË"

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER whets the public interest in his forthcoming book, "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle," by a preliminary paper, published in the May number of *The Woman at Home*. He tells us, among other things, that Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" was written at the instigation of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, which, considering the attitude of the book toward that gentleman, is not a little surprising. Of course, Mr. Brontë did not know what Mrs. Gaskell was going to write, and it seems that it was not until some time after the book had been published that he and Charlotte's husband, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, realized that it was not only unfriendly to them, but, in the case of the father, almost hostile.

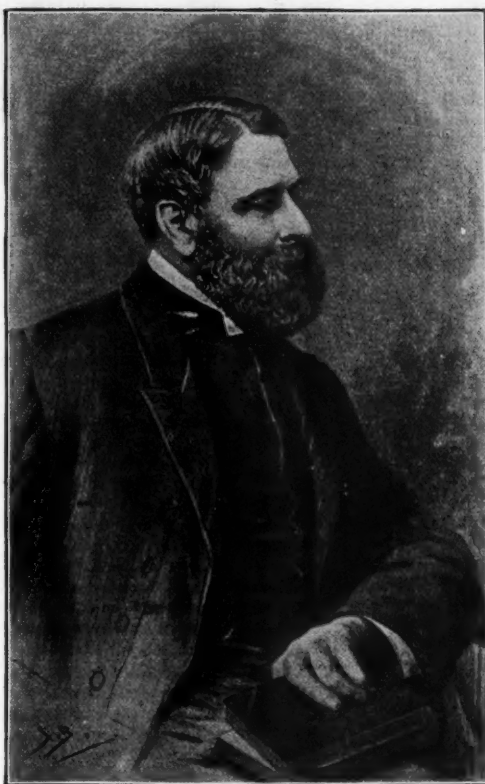
The way in which the biography came to be written was related to Mr. Shorter by Mr. Nicholls, who is still living in Ireland. After Charlotte's death many inadequate and inaccurate sketches of her were published, and this was very annoying to her father, who decided that the best thing to do was to have an authoritative life written. After thinking the matter over, he decided, by the advice of Miss Nussey, on Mrs. Gaskell, who was not only a gifted writer, but a friend of Charlotte's. A better choice could not have been made, though Mr. Brontë and Mr. Nicholls repented it after they had digested the book. Charlotte not only corresponded with Mrs. Gaskell; she visited her at her home in Manchester. In a letter accepting an invitation, she wrote:—

"I should arrive by the train which reaches Manchester at 7 o'clock P. M. That, I think, would be about your tea-time, and, of course, I should dine before leaving home. I always like evening for an arrival; it seems more cosy and pleasant than coming in about the busy middle of the day. I think if I stay a week that will be a very long visit; it will give you time to get well tired of me."

What a delightful week! How they must have enjoyed each other's company, these two women, authors of two of the most famous novels in

modern English literature—"Cranford" and "Jane Eyre." Mrs. Gaskell returned this visit in the autumn of the same year, 1853. She was not, however, as has been stated, present at Charlotte's wedding. "The friendship, which commenced so late in Charlotte Brontë's life," says Mr. Shorter, "never reached the stage of downright intimacy. Of this there is abundant evidence in the biography; and Mrs. Gaskell was forced to rely upon the correspondence of older friends of Charlotte's." Of the two school-fellows with whom Charlotte Brontë regularly corresponded from childhood till death, Mary Taylor and Ellen Nussey, Mr. Shorter tells us that the former had destroyed every letter; and thus it came about that by far the larger part of the correspondence in Mrs. Gaskell's biography was addressed to Miss Nussey, now as "My dearest Nell," again simply as "E."

"The unpublished correspondence in my hands," says Mr. Shorter, "which refers to the biography, opens with a letter from Mrs. Gaskell to Miss Nussey, dated 6 July 1855. It relates how, in accordance with a request from Mr. Brontë, she had undertaken to write the work, and had been over to Haworth. There she had made the acquaintance of Mr. Nicholls for the first time. She told Mr. Brontë how much she felt the difficulty of the task she had undertaken. Nevertheless, she sincerely



REV. A. B. NICHOLLS (Charlotte Brontë's Husband)

desired to make his daughter's character known to all who took deep interest in her writings. Both Mr. Brontë and Mr. Nicholls agreed to help to the utmost, although Mrs. Gaskell was struck by the fact that it was Mr. Nicholls and not Mr. Brontë who was more intellectually alive to the attraction which such a book would have for the public. His feelings were opposed to any biography at all; but he had yielded to Mr. Brontë's 'impetuous wish,' and he brought down all the materials he could find, in the shape of about a dozen letters. Mr. Nicholls, moreover, told Mrs. Gaskell that Miss Nussey was the person of all others to apply to; that she had been the friend of his wife ever since Charlotte was fifteen, and that he was writing to Miss Nussey to beg her to let Mrs. Gaskell see some of the correspondence."

But here is Mr. Nicholls's actual letter to Miss Nussey, "unearthed after forty years, as well as an earlier one, which would seem to indicate a suggestion upon the part of 'E.,' that some attempt should be made to furnish a biography of her friend—if only to set at rest, once and for all, the speculations of the gossiping community with whom Charlotte Brontë's personality was still shrouded in mystery; and indeed, it is clear from these two letters that it is to Miss Nussey that we really owe Mrs. Gaskell's participation in the matter":—

"DEAR MISS NUSSEY,—We had not seen the article in *Sharpe*, and very possibly should not, if you had not directed our attention to it. We ordered a copy and have now read 'the few words about Jane Eyre.' The writer has certainly made many mistakes, but apparently not from any unkind motive, as he professes to be an admirer of Charlotte's works, pays a just tribute to her genius, and in common with thousands deplores her untimely death. His designs seem rather to be to gratify the curiosity of the multitude in reference to one who had made such a sensation in the literary world. But even if the article had been of a less harmless character, we should not have felt inclined to take any notice of it, as by doing so we should have given it an importance which it would not otherwise have obtained. Charlotte herself would have acted thus, and her character stands too high to be injured by the statements in a magazine of small circulation and little influence; statements which the writer prefaces with the remark that he does not vouch for their accuracy. The many laudatory notices of Charlotte and her works which appeared since her death may well make us indifferent to the detractions of a few envious or malignant persons, as there ever will be such. The remarks respecting Mr. Brontë excited in him only amusement—indeed, I have not seen him laugh as much for some months as he did while I was reading the article to him. We are both well in health, but lonely and desolate. Mr. Brontë unites with me in kind regards."

The letter is dated Haworth, 11 June 1855, and is addressed to Miss Nussey at Brookroyd. On July 24, Mr. Nicholls wrote to her:—

"Some other erroneous notices of Charlotte having appeared, Mr. Brontë has deemed it advisable that some authentic statement should be put forth. He has therefore adopted your suggestion and applied to Mrs. Gaskell, who has undertaken to write a life of Charlotte. Mrs. Gaskell came over yesterday and spent a few hours with us. The greatest difficulty seems to be in obtaining materials to show the development of Charlotte's character. * * * I confess that the course most consonant with my own feelings would be to take no steps in the matter, but I do not think it would be right to offer any opposition to Mr. Brontë's wishes."

Mr. Shorter has been to see Miss Nussey, who is still living near Leeds, and who has furnished him with some valuable material for his book. She permits him to print the following letter, which she wrote to Mrs. Gaskell:—

"I will do everything in my power to aid the righteous work you have undertaken, but I feel my powers very limited, and apprehend that you may experience some disappointment that I cannot contribute more largely the information which you desire. I possess a great many letters (for I have destroyed but a small portion of the correspondence), but I fear the early letters are not such as to unfold the character of the writer except

in a few points. You perhaps may discover more than is apparent to me. You will read them with a purpose—I perused them only with interests of affection. I will immediately look over the correspondence, and I promise to let you see all that I can confide to your friendly custody. I regret that my absence from home should have made it impossible for me to have the pleasure of seeing you at Birstall at the time you propose. I am engaged to stay here till Monday week, and shall be happy to see you any day you name after that date, or if more convenient to you to come Friday or Saturday in next week, I will gladly return in time to give you the meeting. I am staying with our schoolmistress, Miss Wooler, in this place. I wish her very much to give me leave to ask you here, but she does not yield to my wishes; it would have been pleasanter to me to talk with you among these hills than sitting in my home and thinking of one who had so often been present there."

Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Nussey finally met and formed a friendship which only ended with the former's death. Mrs. Gaskell took endless pains in writing her *Life of Charlotte*, and, if there were errors in it, they did not arise from carelessness. The work was published in two volumes, in the spring of 1857. At first it was well received, even by Mr. Brontë. But the storm that had been gathering soon broke with fury over the author's head. The people of Yorkshire, individually and collectively, rose against Mrs. Gaskell for speaking of them as "this lawless, yet not unkindly population." Miss Martineau wrote sheet after sheet explanatory of her relations with Charlotte. In one passage Mrs. Gaskell had spoken of "wasteful young servants," and the young servants in question came to Mr. Brontë for the following testimonial:—

"HAWORTH, August 17th, 1857.

"I beg leave to state to all whom it may concern, that Nancy and Sarah Gars, during the time they were in my service, were kind to my children, and honest, and not wasteful, but sufficiently careful in regard to food, and all other articles committed to their charge.

"P. BRONTË, A. D.,

"Incumbent of Haworth, Yorkshire."

Three whole pages were devoted to the dramatic recital of a scandal at Haworth, and this entirely disappeared from the second edition. "But all these were small matters," says Mr. Shorter, "compared with the Cowan Bridge controversy and the threatened legal proceedings over Branwell Brontë's suggested love-affairs. Mrs. Gaskell defended the description of Cowan Bridge in "*Jane Eyre*" with peculiar vigor. Mr. Carus Wilson, the Broclehurst of "*Jane Eyre*," and his friends were furious. They threatened an action; there were letters in *The Times* and letters in *The Daily News*. Mr. Nicholls broke silence

—the only time in the forty years that he has done so—with two admirable letters in the *Halifax Guardian*. The Cowan Bridge controversy was a drawn battle, in spite of numerous and glowing testimonials to the virtues of Mr. Carus Wilson.

The Branwell Brontë matter was even more serious. Here, Mr. Shorter thinks, Mrs. Gaskell showed "a singular recklessness." Branwell, "under the influence of opium," made certain statements about his relations with Mrs. Robinson, which were entirely disproved, though implicitly believed by his sisters, who regarded her as the ruin of their brother. Mrs. Gaskell's recklessness in accepting such inadequate testimony, Mr. Shorter thinks, can be explained only on the assumption that she had a romancer's satisfaction in the romance which the "bad woman" theory supplied. She wasted a considerable amount of rhetoric upon it. "When the fatal attack came on," she says, "his pockets were found filled with old letters from the woman to whom he was attached. He died! she lives still, in Mayfair," and so on. If any love-letters were found in Branwell Brontë's pockets, he must have forged them to keep up his wild and criminal delusion;



MRS. GASKELL (Charlotte Brontë's Biographer)

but it is well-nigh certain that there were not. When Mrs. Gaskell's husband came post-haste to Haworth to ask for proofs of Mrs. Robinson's complicity in Branwell's downfall, none were obtainable. Mr. Shorter is assured by Mr. Leslie Stephen that Sir James Fitzjames Stephen was employed at the time to make careful enquiry, and that he and other eminent lawyers came to the conclusion that it was "one long tissue of lies or hallucinations." The subject is "sufficiently sordid, and indeed almost redundant in any biography of the Brontës; but it is of moment because Charlotte and her sisters were so thoroughly persuaded that a woman was at the bottom of their brother's ruin; and this belief Charlotte impressed upon all the friends who were nearest and dearest to her. Her letters at the time of her brother's death are full of censure of the supposed wickedness of another. It was a cruel infamy that the word of this wretched boy should have been so powerful for mischief. Here, at any rate, Mrs. Gaskell did not show the caution which a masculine biographer, less prone to take literally a man's accounts of his amours, would undoubtedly have displayed."

Mr. Shorter is quite right when he says that Charlotte Brontë's life, taken as a whole, was among the saddest in literature. In July 1857, Miss Mary Taylor wrote to Mrs. Gaskell from New Zealand, upon receipt of the Life:—

"I am unaccountably in receipt by post of two vols. containing the life of C. Brontë. I have pleasure in attributing this compliment to you; I beg, therefore, to thank you for them. The book is a perfect success, in giving a true picture of her melancholy life, and you have practically answered my puzzle as to how you would give an account of her, not being at liberty to give a true description of those around. Though not so gloomy as the truth, it is perhaps as much so as people will accept without calling it exaggerated and feeling the desire to doubt and contradict it. I have seen two reviews of it. One of them sums it up as 'a life of poverty and self-suppression,' the other has nothing to the purpose at all. Neither of them seems to think it a strange or wrong state of things that a woman of first-rate talents, industry and integrity should live all her life in a waking nightmare of 'poverty and self-suppression.' I doubt whether any of them will. It must upset most people's notions of beauty to be told that the portrait at the beginning is that of an ugly woman. I do not altogether like the idea of publishing a flattered likeness. I had rather the mouth and eyes had been nearer together, and shewn the veritable square face, and large disproportionate nose. I had the impression that Cartwright's mill was burnt in 1820, not in 1812. You give much too favorable an account of the black-coated and Tory savages that kept the people down, and provoked excesses in those days. Old Robertson said he 'would wade to the knees in blood rather than that the then state of things should be altered,' a state including Corn law, Test law, and a host of other oppressions. Once more I thank you for the book; the first copy, I believe, that arrived in New Zealand."

And in another letter, a little later (28 Jan. 1858), Miss Taylor wrote to Miss Nussey in a similar strain:—

"Your account of Mrs. Gaskell's book was very interesting. She seems a hasty, impulsive person, and the needful drawing back after warmth gives her an inconsistent look. Yet I doubt not her book will be of great use. You must be aware that many strange notions as to the kind of person Charlotte really was will be done away with by a knowledge of the true facts of her life. I have heard imperfectly of farther printing on the subject. As to the mutilated edition that is to come, I am sorry for it. Libellous or not, the first edition was all true, and, except the declamation, all, in my opinion, useful to be published. Of course, I don't know how far necessity may make Mrs. Gaskell give them up. You know one dare not always say the world moves."

"We who do know the whole story in fullest detail," says Mr. Shorter, "will understand that it was desirable to 'mutilate' the book, and that, indeed, truth did in some manner require it. But with these letters of Miss Mary Taylor's before us, let us not hear again that the story of Charlotte Brontë's life was not in its main features accurately and adequately told by her gifted biographer."

I am quite sure that Mrs. Gaskell gave Charlotte Brontë—the woman, not the author—the position she now holds and has held for nearly forty years in public estimation. What more natural? Give a novelist of Mrs. Gaskell's skill such material as she had in the Life of Charlotte Brontë, and you give her a story that she can make equal to any fiction. Being true, it takes the public as no fiction could; and the name of Charlotte Brontë cannot be mentioned to-day without arousing romantic interest. This I believe to be due to Mrs. Gaskell's Life, rather than to any of Charlotte's novels, not excepting "Jane Eyre."

As I said at the beginning of this paper, Mr. Shorter has but whetted the appetite for the book that is to come in the autumn. Here is what he has to say of his literary "find":—

"Three or four years have gone by since Miss Ellen Nussey placed in my hands a printed volume of some 400 pages, which bore no publisher's name, but contained upon its title-page the statement that it was

'The Story of Charlotte Brontë's Life as told through her Letters. These are the letters—370 in number—which Miss Nussey had lent to Mrs. Gaskell and to Sir Wemyss Reid. Of these 370 letters, Mrs. Gaskell published quite 100, and Sir Wemyss Reid an additional forty. It was explained to me that the volume had been privately printed under a misconception, and that only some dozen copies were extant. Miss Nussey kindly asked me, knowing my interest in the subject, if I would undertake to write something around what might remain of the unpublished letters; and if I saw my way to do anything which would add to the public appreciation of the friend who from early childhood until now has been the most absorbing interest of her life. A careful study of the volume made it perfectly clear to me that there were still some of these letters which might with advantage be added to the Brontë story; and that there were others which forty years ago, and even twenty years ago, needed to be safeguarded by the tantalizing veil of initials and dashes, but could now be made to speak more effectively without the necessity for secrecy."

Much as this is, it is not all, for Mr. Shorter continues:—

"It was exactly forty years to a day after Charlotte died, when I alighted at the station in a quiet little town in the centre of Ireland, to receive the cordial handclasp of the man into whose keeping Charlotte Brontë had given her life. It was one of many visits, and the beginning of an interesting correspondence. Mr. Nicholls placed all the papers in his possession in my hands. They were more varied and more abundant than I could possibly have anticipated. They included MSS. of childhood, of which so much has been said, and stories of later life, one fragment indeed being apparently later than the 'Emma,' which appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine* for 1856, with a note by Thackeray. Here were the letters which Charlotte Brontë had written to her brother and to her sisters during her second sojourn in Brussels. Here was the very letter addressed to her aunt when she was anxious to make the experiment of foreign schooling. Here also were the love-letters of Miss Maria Branwell to her lover Patrick Brontë, which are referred to in Mrs. Gaskell's biography. But this is neither the place nor the time in which to describe the material in my possession. It is sufficient to say that it has been supplemented from many sources, and that Mr. Nicholls's permission and assistance have secured for me the cordial help of many of Charlotte Brontë's friends. The son and executor of Mr. W. S. Williams has placed the complete series of his father's letters in my keeping, and these letters, only a few of which were seen by Mrs. Gaskell, were described by her as by far the most beautiful and interesting that she had read. The executors of Miss Mary Taylor and of Mr. James Taylor—two friends of Charlotte Brontë's, who, curiously enough, were in no way related—have given me permission to publish correspondence. The lady from whose letters Mrs. Gaskell quotes as the 'Brussels friend,' and whose name has never yet appeared in any biography of the Brontës, has lent me letters and furnished valuable reminiscences of her school-days with Charlotte Brontë at the Pensionnat Heger; and from every quarter I have received valuable help."

From all this it would seem that Mr. Shorter will have exhausted the material concerning Charlotte Brontë, if not the subject itself.

J. L. G.

Among the recently disinterred manuscripts of Charlotte Brontë has been found a fairy-tale, "The Adventures of Edwin and Alembert." It is said to be a curious and remarkable anticipation of Mr. Ruskin's "The King of the Golden River." Mr. Ruskin has read the story, and pronounces it finer than his own. One of the most interesting items in Mr. Clement Shorter's forthcoming book on "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle" will be a diary by Emily Brontë.

A \$5000 organ has been placed in the church at Thornton, England, to commemorate the birth, in that town, of Charlotte and Emily Brontë. The house in which they were born is now a butcher-shop.

The Lounger

"I HAD LONG BEEN LOOKING for an opportunity of taking my wife to see Joe Jefferson as Bob Acres," writes a friend of mine living in the suburbs, "and the advertisement of 'The Rivals,' to be given with a star cast, at the American Theatre, on May 7, afforded something better than the chance I had hoped for. A week before the event I procured two \$1.50 seats (the best to be had, I was assured, except the \$5 ones), and on the day of the matinée found myself in the last row of the top gallery. This was not exactly a prize position; but the ticket-seller had guaranteed nothing, and I was not disposed to grumble. When the curtain rose, however, every man, woman and child in the rear half of the gallery did likewise; and our view of the stage was cut off as effectually as if the curtain had been lowered. Many more tickets had been sold than the number of seats in the whole house, and the double row of persons standing in the open space between the upper and lower halves of the gallery made it impossible for those in the first row of the upper half to

see the play. They accordingly stood up—thus cutting off the stage from the people in the second row, so that every one behind had to rise or miss the performance.

* * *

"THIS WAS NOT at all what I had bargained or paid for. I asked the usher to request the spectators to keep their seats, and he said he would, but did not do so. The man in the box-office promised to do his best; he did nothing. I then saw Mr. Charles Jefferson, the proprietor of the show, who turned me over to some one else, who turned me over to the business manager, who assured me he would give instructions to have the people confined to their seats. I had been turned over so often, by this time, and had spent so much time in riding up and down on the elevator, that I was glad to get back to my seat and take a rest—with the wide back of a standing woman two feet in front of my face.

* * *

"AS A MATTER of fact, not one of the persons to whom I had spoken attempted to remedy the abuse complained of. Had the performance been a 'benefit,' one might be more lenient in judging this overcrowding of the house. As it was a purely commercial speculation, however, no excuse can be made for charging people for seats and then making them stand up. It resembles too closely what is known as the 'gold brick' swindle."

* * *

The Critic of 20 July 1895 contained the following communication, which is of special interest now that Mark Twain has avowed the authorship of his "Joan of Arc." It was entitled "The Style and the Man."

"MR. LOOMIS, in *The Critic* of June 15, seems to doubt the feasibility of detecting the man by the style. Of course, errors are made every day, and the Higher Criticism of Homer, the Bible and Shakespeare is a wilderness of mares' nests. But that Mark Twain (or a deliberate parodist of Mark) is the author of the novel about Jeanne d'Arc, I would peril my ultimate pair of boots. The boys—'Paladin' and the rest—were all at school with Tom Sawyer. 'I found that road mud, I paved it with corpses,' says the Paladin, 'and yet you, you miscreant, accuse me of climbing trees.' If that is not 'Mark's way,' I will eat his hat in the market-place. That it, or anything like it, is 'the way' of the early fifteenth century, my poor studies leave me free to doubt; and, of course, there was no fighting on the road from Vaucouleurs to Chinon. May I leave Mr. Loomis to guess at the name of this

"COCKSURE CRITIC?"

"[We will aid Mr. Loomis in his attempt to identify the writer of this communication by saying that the note accompanying it bears one of the most familiar signatures in current literature. EDG. CRITIC.]"

Mr. Loomis made but one guess—naming Mr. Kipling. He was right in guessing an Englishman, but wrong in guessing the man from India.

* * *

MR. KIPLING will have the sympathy of the reading world in the assault, or threatened assault, committed upon him by Beatty Balestier. What one regrets is less the assault itself, which seems only to have scared him, than the necessity of exposing his brother-in-law to the world as a dangerous character. He did quite right, however, in not letting family considerations prevent his landing the fellow in jail.

* * *

A WRITER in the *Buffalo Express* says:—"The fact is now notorious that English publishers, critics and book-buyers hold nearly all American literary productions in supreme contempt, and will have little or nothing to do with them. If you are an American author, and doubt this, try to sell something of yours to an English publisher. If it is a book, and you write to him before you send the MS., the chances are he will decline even to look at it. This is no random statement; for I could tell you of 'concrete' cases of this kind."

* * *

I DON'T THINK that the English publisher stands ready to publish a book because its author is an American, but I believe that, if the English publisher thinks the story a good one, one likely to sell, he will not hesitate to publish it because the author is an American. I never heard that Mr. Marion Crawford had any trouble to get the Messrs. Macmillan to publish his first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," and you will remember that it was first published in London and made its first success there. Another American, Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, has just published a volume of stories of Oxford life, and published it in London; and, what is more, the English critics have not hesitated to say that it gives the atmosphere of Oxford better than any other story on the subject. Capt. Mahan's sea-power books were nowhere received with louder ac-

claim than in London, and when an Englishman recently published a book on a similar subject, Capt. Mahan was asked to write the introduction. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the first enthusiasm over Capt. Mahan's books came from England, and I know that he was made much of when in that country, on account of them. More recently, was it not from England that the first great enthusiasm over Stephen Crane's "Red Badge" came? And even later over Mr. Frederic's novel, to which Mr. Gladstone has given special praise? All this talk about nationality is nonsense. Publishers on both sides of the water want books that sell, and they don't care tuppence where the authors are born. I think you will find that the American author whose books have a commercial value is quite as eagerly sought by the English publisher as is any English author.

* * *

SOME TIME AGO I read an interesting article by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in which he wrote of the charms of dictation. He told how much more work he accomplished than by the old fashion of writing, and declared that all the arguments against dictation for other writing than business letters were absurd. He said, by way of illustration, that half of the article then before the reader was dictated, the other half written by him with the pen, and he defied anyone to say which was which. I don't know what other readers said, but I do know that I could not detect less fluency or grace of expression in one half than in the other. I think that dictation is the greatest luxury that has been given to writers. Next to dictation, and for some reasons before it, is ability to type-write your own "copy." I had heard that there were people who could do this. It was said that Mr. Howells played his own machine, and that Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer and Mr. S. R. Crockett were equally gifted.

* * *

ONCE I HAD a gold pen that wrote just like a quill and made the act of writing a pleasure. I have allowed my friends to use this pen just long enough to prove that it was all I claimed for it, and I have never known one who was not enchanted. I lent it to Mr. Gilbert Parker one day, and he said that the half had not been told. Indeed, he was so very pleased that I watched him out of the corner of my eye all the time he was in the room with that pen. He did not put it in his pocket, however. I used it for a long time after that, but alas! one day when I took it out to write I found that one of its nibs was worn off. I tried to get it mended and did not succeed. Then I tried to get another like it, but it stood by itself; there was no other like it. I tried other kinds of pens, quills and pens that I was assured wrote like quills, but never since that pen retired from the fray worn out have I enjoyed the mechanical part of writing. For ten years I was the slave, a willing one, of that pen. I have laid it away now; it is at rest, but I am not.

* * *

I TOLD MY troubles to Mrs. van Rensselaer one day, and she said, "Why don't you do your writing on a machine? If you once get used to it, it will open up a new world to you." I asked her a thousand questions as to her own experiences, and all she said was most reassuring. I at once hired a machine and practiced violently. I could get just so far and no farther. Thoroughly discouraged, I gave it up. It was easy enough to copy or to write anything from memory, but when it came to composing with the types, I couldn't do it. Then I made more inquiries, and found that those who had mastered the art were so enthusiastic over it as a time-saver as well as a neat copy-maker, that I went at it again. This time I conquered, and to-day I am as devoted to my machine as I was to my pen. In a way even more so, though this sounds like treason. I can write much faster than with the pen, and I really think that my thoughts come quicker to the click of the types than they did to the noiseless flowing of the ink. And then, there is this advantage: if anything goes wrong, you can lay it to the machine.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Sun*, in mentioning lately a daily newspaper published in Maine, spoke of it as "the Portland *Advertiser*, a paper * * * for which Florence Percy wrote 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.'" The much-misrepresented author of the unlucky bit of verse mentioned allows me to say that it was not written for any daily or other publication in Portland—nor, indeed, for any special publication or purpose. It was first published, nearly or quite a year after it was written, in a Philadelphia family weekly. The author was, for some years, on the staff of the *Advertiser*; but her connection with that paper began nearly fifteen years after the verses were common property.

The Christina Rossetti Memorial

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

A Memorial to the late Christina Rossetti—the gifted poetess, whose fame is world-wide—will be placed in Christ Church, Woburn Square, London, where she attended for nearly twenty years. Sir Edward Burne-Jones has promised to prepare the designs for a series of paintings for the Reredos, and to superintend the work in its progress. The first list of subscriptions, containing the names of William Rossetti, Mackenzie Bell, the Bishop of Durham and others, has been printed, but a considerable sum is still required. It is believed that there are many in America who will be glad to contribute. Donations may be sent to the Christina Rossetti Memorial Account, Bank of England, Threadneedle Street, London; or to the undersigned, Vicar of Christ Church, Woburn Square, London, and Chaplain to the Marquess of Londonderry, K. G.

I. I. GLENDINNING NASH.

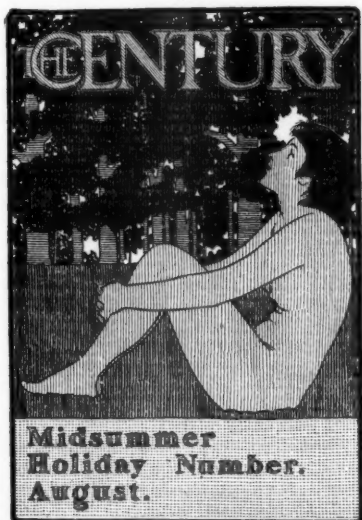
92 GOWER STREET, LONDON, 1 May 1896.

The Century Prize Posters

THE RESULTS of *The Century's* competition for posters for its Midsummer Number were announced in last week's *Critic*. We



reproduce to-day the three winning designs, the first prize-design (Mr. J. C. Leyendecker's) being given first, Mr. Maxfield Parrish's (second prize) second, and Baron Arild Rosenkrantz's (third



prize) last. The exhibition of the 700 designs sent in will be continued until Saturday, May 23, and we can recommend to our

readers a visit to the magazine's offices in Union Square, as the variety of treatment of one subject is interesting and amusing. Many of the designs, besides those of the prize-winners, are of



great merit. The publishers will use one of them, the work of Mr. Edward Potthast, for their July poster. The illustrations given here are copyrighted by the Century Co.

"The Burial of Sir John Moore"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In your number of April 25, p. 300, you say that Mr. Stoddard informs you that of course the disputed word in Wolfe's poem is *sullenly*, and that he "does not know how the wrong word crept in, as Mr. Linton's handwriting was extremely legible." He apparently overlooks the fact that the reading in "English Verse" differs in other respects from that which Mr. Swift quotes from the facsimile of Wolfe's manuscript, which, according to him, has:—

"And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing,"

while "English Verse" has:—

"And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy suddenly firing."

The difference cannot therefore be explained as due to the misprinting or misreading of the single word *sullenly*. Unless the reading of different manuscripts of the poem varies, Mr. Linton (who seems to have been responsible for the note in "English Verse") got his information concerning the original text from some untrustworthy source. I regret to think so, for I have supposed that his readings, when differing from those in other anthologies, were the result of careful, independent research, and consequently to be depended upon as accurate.

Suddenly seems to me the more natural word, and more in keeping with the style of the poem, besides being favored by Mr. Linton's quotation from the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. *Sullenly* cannot be explained as giving "an accurate impression of distant and monotonous cannonading." If it was Wolfe's word, it was apparently suggested by the fact that the enemy, though defeated in the recent engagement, kept up an intermittent firing to express their disgust at the result, not because they meditated a renewal of the attack upon the English. It requires some thought, however, to get at the meaning of the word, and this diverts the attention of the reader from the main action of the poem—which is rhetorically and artistically bad, in my humble opinion.

Other variations in the text are "nor in shroud" and "or in shroud"; "the face of the dead" and "the face that was dead"; "we raised not a stone" and "and we raised not a stone"; "struck the hour of retiring" and "told (or told) the hour of retiring." In the line "But he lay like a warrior," etc., a comma is often inserted after "lay."

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., 11 May 1896.

R.

London Letter

IS THE man-of-letters better situated in the country or in the town? It is a question which is often arising; and the common answer is that all talent drifts to London sooner or later. It is equally true, however, that a great deal of it drifts out again; and many men (if not, indeed, most) have done their best work away from the rattle and roar. The man who lives in the country and writes, is freer from distraction, freer from the risks of coterie and clique; and, if he is a critic, he generally judges more justly. At the same time, he misses the spark of inspiration that so often flashes from the friction of brain with brain: he misses, too, if he be a novelist, much of the swirl of the contemporary tide. Now, Mr. Quiller Couch is both a critic and a novelist, and, according to prevalent report, he is coming to London. For several years he has lived in comparative seclusion at the beautiful little sea-village of Fowey in Cornwall, and many men have envied him for his obvious freedom from the contemporary spirit, from the narrowing, hampering view of literature that is bound to follow the constant application to new books, the perpetual encountering of new reputations. His *causeries* in *The Speaker* have been uniformly suggestive, uniformly just; indeed, there is no better work of the kind done in London journalism. And, by the by, a volume of them is shortly to appear, under the title of "Adventures in Criticism." It is promised for early in June; and, while he is still correcting the proof, Mr. Couch is engaged upon a new story. This is said to be upon the lines of his "Ia," which is enjoying considerable popularity, and provoking much discussion. It will probably be ready by the autumn. Meanwhile, Mr. Couch is gladly awaited in London, where he has many friends. One imagines, however, that much of his time will be spent in Fowey, a place for which he has an unusual predilection, and which he has already described in more than one of his fascinating volumes.

"When in doubt, play a new series," is said to be the rule of more than one publishing-house; and Mr. John Lane, who can be in no possible doubt as to the success of his many lively "libraries," is about to start two more, practically simultaneously. The one is to be called Lane's Library, and will be yet another series of fiction; the other, Bodley Head Anthologies, will be concerned with *belles-lettres*. Mr. Robert H. Cash is to be the editor of the latter "library"; the other will be under Mr. Lane's own supervision. It starts next week with a story called "March Hares," by a pseudonymous "George Forth." How many "Georges" there are now in the field, it would need a statistician to decide. Miss Gertrude Warden, well known upon the stage and by no means unknown as a novelist, will contribute the second volume. It is to be called "The Sentimental Sex."

When one speaks of the "library" or "series," he naturally thinks of Mr. Fisher Unwin, who practically started this rage for the novelties with his highly popular Pseudonyms. And speaking of Mr. Unwin reminds me that for the last few weeks his literary adviser and right-hand man, Mr. Edward Garnett, has been very seriously ill of typhoid fever. I rejoice to say that the last reports are more favorable, and that there is now every hope of a slow recovery. Mr. Garnett is a son of Dr. Garnett of the British Museum, and is known as the author of a few works of fantasy. His wife, who appears upon a title-page as Constance Garnett, is the translator of Mr. Heinemann's series of Tourguéneff's novels. Mr. Garnett is particularly fond of living in the country, and it is feared that he contracted his illness from the unsanitary condition of one of the pretty little cottages in which he has been staying.

Mr. Unwin, I see, is to be the publisher of Mr. Crockett's new novel, "The Gray Man," which is now running its serial course in *The Graphic*. This is pleasant hearing, for Mr. Unwin was the first publisher to introduce Mr. Crockett to the public; and one always likes to see the author return, as Waller said, like the stag, to the place where he was roused. Mr. Crockett will be in London in a few days, and is to respond to the toast of Literature at the annual Booksellers' dinner. A writer who has put so much into the bookseller's pocket should be safe of a hearty reception; but Mr. Crockett has more insistent claims in his genial presence and bluff, straightforward oratory.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier has apparently not been so fortunate as of old in his selection of a successor to "The Chili Widow." I say apparently, because you can rarely, if ever, prejudice the fate of a light opera or of a farcical comedy; the public very often goes dead against the critics. But "The New Baby" wanted something of spontaneity on the first night, and, while it certainly suffered somewhat from the extreme nervousness of the company,

the real cause was nearer home. For, indeed, an adapted farce has seldom sailed closer to the unpalatable; and there was one situation at which even the hardened playgoer shied. However, this incident can quite easily be removed, and it is not improbable that, if this is done, the piece may still please. In any case, Mr. Bourchier will scarcely be embarrassed, as he is understood to have several novelties up his sleeve, in case of necessity.

Mr. Gordon Craig, the son of Miss Ellen Terry, has been playing "Macbeth" in the provinces, and the other night, so the report runs, his energy was followed by disastrous results. In the combat with Macduff he broke his sword, and, before he had noticed the accident, had wounded his opponent with no stage-wound of the imagination, but palpably upon his solid flesh. "Macduff" was not seriously hurt, but the audience was greatly and naturally alarmed. Young Mr. Irving, by the by, is playing Svengali upon tour, so that the younger generation may be said to be knocking at the door with a will.

LONDON, 1 May 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

ON MAY 8 and 9, Mr. Charles H. Niehaus gave a private view, at his studio, of his model for the equestrian statue of Gen. Sherman, which is to be erected by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at the rear of the Treasury Building in Washington. The statue itself is in front of a large rectangular exedra, ornamented with a bas-relief of the famous March to the Sea.

—During the coming week, a composite exhibition of pen-drawings, Japanese prints and American attempts in imitation of the latter will remain open at the Grolier Club. The pen-drawings, by Mr. George E. Burr, are of various Oriental art objects in bronze, crystal, lacquer, jade and porcelain. The artist has been very happy in rendering textures and values of color. The American color-prints are a series of views along the Ipswich River, drawn, engraved on the wood and printed by Mr. Arthur W. Dow of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. They show that excellent results may be attained in landscape by the methods used by the Japanese color-printers of the early part of this century, some examples of whose work have been lent by Mr. Shugio for the purpose of enabling visitors to compare them with Mr. Dow's interesting developments.

—Mrs. Whistler, the wife of Mr. J. A. McNeill Whistler, died in London on May 11.

—Mr. G. Turini, who is responsible for the Garibaldi statue in Washington Square—probably the least artistic statue in this unhappy city, if we except the S. S. Cox abomination,—has resolved to take away that work of his hands, and to replace it, at his own cost, with another, also his own work, which he considers artistically much better. The bust of the present statue will be erected on Staten Island, near the spot where Garibaldi once molded candles.

Education

Barnard's Good Fortune

LAST SATURDAY was an exciting day for Barnard College. Up to within a few hours of midnight, the Trustees did not know whether they were going to pay off the mortgage on their land or not. All day their friends worked hard to raise \$23,000, their success in this before midnight of May 9 being the condition upon which \$25,000 had been promised the day before. Now the site on Morningside Heights is secured, and the College receives the \$100,000 promised conditionally a year ago, as a building fund. The site cost \$160,000, of which \$100,000 was secured by a mortgage, an anonymous friend promising \$100,000 for a building if the mortgage should be raised by 10 May 1896. The sum now in hand for the extinction of the mortgage has come from the following subscribers:—John D. Rockefeller, \$25,000; President Low of Columbia, \$10,000; Mrs. F. E. Hackley, \$10,000; "Anonymous," \$10,000; Jacob H. Schiff, \$8,000; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$5,000; Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, \$5,000; Mrs. F. P. Olcott, \$5,000; J. B. Bloomingdale, \$5,000; "A Friend," \$5,000; "A Friend," \$4,400; Mrs. James J. Goodwin, \$1,000; Miss Emily O. Gibbs, \$1,000; the Misses Babcock, \$1,000; Morris K. Jesup, \$1,000; "A Friend," \$1,000; "Anonymous," \$1,000; Cornelius N. Bliss, \$500; Miss Mary Benson, \$500; Mrs. V. H. Rothschild, \$100.

Barnard is too fine a thing to ever suffer for want of a few

thousand dollars. This country is full of people with more money than they know what to do with. Let them give to Barnard: they cannot do better with their money.

Educational Notes

PROF. GEORGE L. BURR, holding the chair of history at Cornell University, who has been in Washington for the past two months, working for the Venezuelan Boundary Commission, sailed for Holland on May 9, for the purpose of making an examination of the Dutch records bearing upon the controversy. Prof. Burr's thorough acquaintance with new and old Dutch, French, German and Latin, in addition to his historical knowledge, makes him the right man for this work.

Mr. W. C. McDonald of Montreal will build and equip a building for chemistry and mining for the University of Montreal, on the same scale as the engineering and physics buildings already given by him to the University. The building will cost \$250,000.

The Mount Vernon Public Library was opened by the Board of Trustees on May 9. Miss Helen Kilduff Gay, a graduate of the New York State Library, is the Librarian; Miss Jennie Irwin, for many years Assistant Librarian under the Board of Education, holds the same position in the new Library. The rooms are fitted up with modern apparatus, with shelving for about 10,000 books. There are at present 5594 books in the Library. The Dewey decimal system has been followed in classification and the most improved card catalogue has been put in. The Library will be open every day, except Sundays and holidays, from 9 to 11 a. m. and from 3 to 9 p. m.

At its last meeting, the Association of Collegiate Alumnae of New York and Brooklyn considered the subject of better library facilities for Brooklyn. The end they have in view for the city is a great free circulating-library, with branches. There is a crying need in Brooklyn for more than Pratt Library can furnish.

The classical section of the Brooklyn Institute has decided to undertake the production of a Greek drama in the original, with an Attic stage, historical costumes and other classical accessories. The committee in charge of the project is made up of Mr. Harry F. Towle, Prof. William Cranston Lawton, Dr. E. S. W. Hawes and Prof. H. E. Hard. Mr. George Riddle will probably have charge of the arrangements.

The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has offered to the Board of Education, through its President, Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, to defray the expense of keeping open certain schools in densely crowded quarters of the city, between July 16 and Aug. 24, for the benefit of children who would like to attend them.

The Rev. E. D. Morris, for twenty-nine years practically at the head of Lane Theological Seminary, will be succeeded by the Rev. Henry Goodwin Smith of Freehold, N. J. Mr. Smith's father was for many years prominently connected with Union Theological Seminary in New York. A year ago Dr. Morris resigned, but his place could not be filled, so he remained. His resignation will take effect on Jan. 1.

Mr. J. Winthrop Platner, at present Lecturer on Apologetics in Union Theological Seminary, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Early Church History at Harvard.

"His College Life," a story by President William De Witt Hyde of Bowdoin College, to be published in the June *Scribner's*, will give an insight into the intellectual and spiritual side of the life of an average college boy who is intensely interested, not only in the athletics, but also in the social and studious pursuits of his college.

Notes

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. will publish in a few days "The Paget Papers: Being the Official Dispatches, Private Letters and Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G. C. B., His Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary at Different Foreign Courts during the Napoleonic Wars, 1794-1808," edited by Sir Augustus Paget, with notes by Mrs. J. R. Green. These papers on the great Napoleonic wars differ from any contemporary record of the period in that they represent the English, instead of the Continental, point of view, and are written by an Englishman who was an actor in, as well as an eye-witness of, the development of affairs. From the various members of the royal family, especially the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) downwards, every one at home was clamoring for his news, and he was in con-

stant correspondence with Lords Grenville, Harrowby, Hawkesbury, Malmesbury, St. Helens, Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington), Whitworth and G. Leveson Gower (afterwards first Earl Granville), Admirals Lords Keith and Collingwood, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning and many others. At the same time he was in constant communication with the Continental courts.

—The plan to preserve as a memorial of the poet that part of the Lowell estate which has been offered for house lots at Elmwood, is in such shape that the committee at Cambridge has the desired opportunity to buy it for a very reasonable sum, which must be raised by June 15.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. will publish on May 19 "On Snowshoes to the Barren Grounds: Twenty-eight Hundred Miles after Musk-oxen and Wood-Bison," by Caspar W. Whitney, illustrated, parts of which have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*; "Cyrus W. Field: His Life and Work," edited by Isabella Field Judson; "Briseis," William Black's new novel, also published in *Harper's Magazine*, with illustrations by W. T. Smedley; and a new edition of Mark Twain's "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn."

—Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will publish at once "In the Valley of Tophet," a volume of short stories, by Henry W. Nevins, author of "Slum Stories of London."

—*The British Weekly* says that Miss Harraden has not quite fixed on a title for her new novel, but has thought of a striking one—"I, too, Have Passed through Winty Terrors." What would be the popular title—"I, too," or "Winty Terrors"? The latter would be a good one of itself.

—Messrs. J. A. Hill & Co. of this city propose to publish a series of twenty-five volumes, of about 600 pages each, under the title of "A Library of the World's Best Literature," to contain "a treasury of the best and most entertaining reading of all ages." The authors will be presented in alphabetical order, not chronologically, and each volume will be illustrated with large and vignette portraits. The work has been committed to Mr. Charles Dudley Warner as editor-in-chief, with Prof. Harry Thurston Peck and Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie as associate editors. There will be, also, an advisory board made up from the universities and colleges of the country. The volumes will be royal octavo, printed in large type and bound in library style. The plan is attractive, but the difficulties begin at the very outset—with the selection of the works to be included.

—In his forthcoming volume, "With the Fathers," Prof. John Bach McMaster will show, with extracts from English papers of 1824, that England generally approved of the Monroe doctrine when it was first enunciated. There will be, also, a study of "The Third Term Tradition." The book will be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

—Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co. have in press a "History of the Army of the United States," edited for the Military Service Institution by Gen. T. F. Rodenbough and Major William L. Haskin, U. S. A. The volume will contain historical sketches of each staff corps, department and regiment, from the date of its formation to the present day, prepared, in almost every case, by officers connected with the organizations of which they write. An interesting feature of the work will be a series of autotype portraits of all the generals-in-chief of the army, from 1789 to 1895.

—Prof. C. G. D. Roberts's new book, "Earth's Enigmas," has gone through its first edition, and a second edition is now on the press of Lamson, Wolfe & Co. The same firm has in press a "History of Canada" and a book of poems, "The Book of the Native," by the same author.

—It should interest certain Americans to know that Bret Harte is writing a serial for publication in an English periodical, and that Henry James is writing a love-story for *The Illustrated London News*. It will begin in July and run for thirteen weeks. Mr. James has ready for the press a new volume of stories, "Embarrassments."

—It is the custom of the Browning Society of Philadelphia to give each year a play in commemoration of the birth of its patron Saint, on May 7. The plays given during the last three years were "The Falcon," by Tennyson, "The Intruder," by Maeterlinck, and "The Woman's Battle," by Scribe. This year a more ambitious drama was undertaken, and at the New Century Drawing-Rooms, last Saturday, a picked cast from the Club gave Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," in a carefully condensed version by Mr. W. Alexander Stout. This drama has rarely been presented on the stage. Julia Marlowe and her company have given it several times, but it was not played during Brown-

ing's life in London, and is practically unknown save to his readers. The late Miss Helen Bell was President of the Society until her death, a year ago, and Mrs. Florence Earle Coates is her successor. Under their management the membership has grown to nearly 1000.

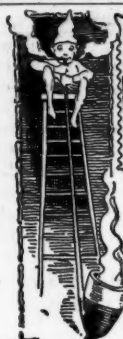
—The May number of *Cosmopolis*, just published, contains Hermann Sudermann's much discussed and hitherto unpublished drama, "Fritzchen," in its entirety; a novelette, "The Notary's Love-Story," by Maarten Maartens, leads off the English section;

and M. Bourget introduces his "Voyageuses" with a romance called "Charité de Femme."

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THE CHARM THAT the late Henry Cuyler Bunner exercised as a writer of fiction was due, not only to the fact that he was a natural story-teller, and that, having this talent, he cultivated it, but also to the fact that he was of an intensely sensitive and sympathetic nature, and had, besides, the indispensable sense of humor. He came to the task of the story-writer well equipped with experience and training. Some of his earliest efforts as a boy were contributed to the short-lived *Arcadian*, with whose uncertain fortunes he identified himself when he was eighteen, and the range of subjects which he covered was limited only by the scope of the paper. When this feeble prop dropped away, he served an apprenticeship as a reporter on the *World* and the *Sun*. With this four years' experience he came to *Puck* when it started in 1877, and soon assumed the editorship. It was an opportunity such as has come to few young men of twenty-two. The entire paper, in those early days, was written by the editorial staff and a few outsiders, who learned that by dropping in on the day the forms were closed they might pick up a stray job at space-filling. If there was any space to be filled, it was not because Bunner had shirked. He contributed editorials, stories, poems, humorous articles, jokes, dialogues and cartoon suggestions, with a liberal hand and from a seemingly inexhaustible supply.

He was not especially interested in politics when he began, but it became necessary for him to keep track of events in order to comment on the political cartoons. But it was not in Bunner's nature to look into anything without becoming intensely interested in it. He soon was as familiar with the intricacies of politics as he was with those of French versification. His sensitive nature was keen to detect the meretricious, and wherever he saw a weak spot, thither he directed the shafts of *Puck's* satire. The necessities of his place made him a political writer; but his enthusiasm, his patriotism, his hatred of shams, together with his literary training, made him a political writer of high rank. The paper naturally responded to the strong convictions and individuality of its editor, and its development from a mere free-lance in journalism into a powerful organ with a settled, definite policy, was a necessary consequence. To make the fine, violin-like tones of his "comments" heard through all the trumpet-blast of Keppler's cartoons, was no easy task, yet Bunner accomplished it. It was also necessary for him to write so as to attract and to hold the attention of the man who bought a funny paper because he wanted to laugh. The principal characteristic of his editorials was their clearness of exposition. His effort was to write so simply that the least educated of his readers could not help understanding him, and he did it so well that his most cultured readers enjoyed him.

Under such auspices the early days of doubt and discouragement for the paper disappeared with its rapidly increasing prosperity, with which came, also, a relief for its editor from the pressure of filling space, and he eagerly turned his attention to higher forms of literary work. Like all authors, and almost everybody else, he wrote (in collaboration) several plays and some librettos for comic operas. Although he won no success as a dramatist, the training in the construction of plots and of dialogue was of notable value to him in story-writing. His first long story, "A Woman of Honor," published in 1883, but written two years earlier, was far more successful than the play, "Faith," on which it was founded. The story was too theatrical to please its author, however, and

he felt no pride in it. With Mr. Brander Matthews, his close friend and companion in literature, he made a study of story-telling, and in 1885 the two brought out "In Partnership," containing eight stories, two written in collaboration, and three by each author separately. When the book was ready to go to the publishers, Bunner felt that one of his stories, which had appeared in *Puck*, was outclassed by the others, which had been printed in the magazines. Although the book had been accepted, he at once discarded the offending story and wrote in place of it "A Letter and a Paragraph," one of his very strongest short tales. In spite of the amount of writing he did, Bunner found time to read, and this helped to make his writing so good. His judgment was so discriminating that he instinctively rejected what was bad, and then stopped to deduce the reason for it; and so, when he approved of anything, he was not content until he had satisfied himself that his verdict was correct. He applied the same test relentlessly to his own work.

And his works were Bunner. The same delightful humor, the same strong human sympathy, the same poetic fancy, and the same clear-headed American commonsense that characterized him as a man, pervaded what he wrote. A keen observer, he saw clearly the varied and changing colors in the kaleidoscopic life of New York, and many of his earlier stories were written to fix these in literature. Such a story was "The Midge," written about the time of his marriage, in 1886; others were "The Story of a New York House" (1887) and "Natural Selection" (which appeared serially in *Scribner's*). Boccaccio was one of his earlier models for form, and often, when tired and jaded from editorial work, he would read the old familiar tales to catch the swing of the narrative before applying himself to his own fiction. Later he was captivated by the structure of the tales of Guy de Maupassant, whom he regarded as the master of the art of story-writing. Bunner read him and studied him, and then wrote "Short Sixes." He did this really as an exercise in story-writing, and was so sure that they frankly betrayed his model, that he wished to give credit to Maupassant in the title. I was then his associate in the office, and persuaded him not to, telling him that, while they were Bunner-after-reading-Maupassant, they were still all Bunner.

Later on, he determined to give to the English reading world some of the best of Maupassant's stories that were translatable and had not already been translated; and the result was "Made in France." These were not translations, however, but transformations. While the French originals were recognizable by those who knew Maupassant, the stories were still Bunner, and this in spite of the fact that Bunner was undoubtedly the best parodist in the English language. Take, for example, his "Home, Sweet Home, with Variations," his Stockton story, written for the Midsummer *Puck* in place of a story that Stockton had been asked to write but could not supply; and, best joke of all, the one story in "Made in France," which is the most like Maupassant, but which, the careful reader will note, has no original. These, however, clever as they were, and finished in style, were rather in the nature of a public rehearsal. The results of all this work and study are shown in such stories as "Love in Olde Cloathes," "Zadoc Pine" and "As One Having Authority."

H. G. PAINE.

THE POET

Finished and charming as are all of Mr. Bunner's stories and prose sketches—and they are characterized by one quality seldom found in most of our present prose-writing, the quality of style.—one acquainted with his verse will invari-

*See THE CRITIC of May 18.

London Letter

Is THE man-of-letters better situated in the country or in the town? It is a question which is often arising; and the common answer is that all talent drifts to London sooner or later. It is equally true, however, that a great deal of it drifts out again; and many men (if not, indeed, most) have done their best work away from the rattle and roar. The man who lives in the country and writes, is freer from distraction, freer from the risks of coterie and clique; and, if he is a critic, he generally judges more justly. At the same time, he misses the spark of inspiration that so often flashes from the friction of brain with brain: he misses, too, if he be a novelist, much of the swirl of the contemporary tide. Now, Mr. Quiller Couch is both a critic and a novelist, and, according to prevalent report, he is coming to London. For several years he has lived in comparative seclusion at the beautiful little sea-village of Fowey in Cornwall, and many men have envied him for his obvious freedom from the contemporary spirit, from the narrowing, hampering view of literature that is bound to follow the constant application to new books, the perpetual encountering of new reputations. His *causeries* in *The Speaker* have been uniformly suggestive, uniformly just; indeed, there is no better work of the kind done in London journalism. And, by the by, a volume of them is shortly to appear, under the title of "Adventures in Criticism." It is promised for early in June; and, while he is still correcting the proof, Mr. Couch is engaged upon a new story. This is said to be upon the lines of his "Ia," which is enjoying considerable popularity, and provoking much discussion. It will probably be ready by the autumn. Meanwhile, Mr. Couch is gladly awaited in London, where he has many friends. One imagines, however, that much of his time will be spent in Fowey, a place for which he has an unusual predilection, and which he has already described in more than one of his fascinating volumes.

"When in doubt, play a new series," is said to be the rule of more than one publishing-house; and Mr. John Lane, who can be in no possible doubt as to the success of his many lively "libraries," is about to start two more, practically simultaneously. The one is to be called Lane's Library, and will be yet another series of fiction; the other, Bodley Head Anthologies, will be concerned with *belles-lettres*. Mr. Robert H. Cash is to be the editor of the latter "library"; the other will be under Mr. Lane's own supervision. It starts next week with a story called "March Hares," by a pseudonymous "George Forth." How many "Georges" there are now in the field, it would need a statistician to decide. Miss Gertrude Warden, well known upon the stage and by no means unknown as a novelist, will contribute the second volume. It is to be called "The Sentimental Sex."

When one speaks of the "library" or "series," he naturally thinks of Mr. Fisher Unwin, who practically started this rage for the novelette with his highly popular Pseudonyms. And speaking of Mr. Unwin reminds me that for the last few weeks his literary adviser and right-hand man, Mr. Edward Garnett, has been very seriously ill of typhoid fever. I rejoice to say that the last reports are more favorable, and that there is now every hope of a slow recovery. Mr. Garnett is a son of Dr. Garnett of the British Museum, and is known as the author of a few works of fantasy. His wife, who appears upon a title-page as Constance Garnett, is the translator of Mr. Heinemann's series of Tourguéneff's novels. Mr. Garnett is particularly fond of living in the country, and it is feared that he contracted his illness from the unsanitary condition of one of the pretty little cottages in which he has been staying.

Mr. Unwin, I see, is to be the publisher of Mr. Crockett's new novel, "The Gray Man," which is now running its serial course in *The Graphic*. This is pleasant hearing, for Mr. Unwin was the first publisher to introduce Mr. Crockett to the public; and one always likes to see the author return, as Waller said, like the stag, to the place where he was roused. Mr. Crockett will be in London in a few days, and is to respond to the toast of Literature at the annual Booksellers' dinner. A writer who has put so much into the bookseller's pocket should be safe of a hearty reception; but Mr. Crockett has more insistent claims in his genial presence and bluff, straightforward oratory.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier has apparently not been so fortunate as of old in his selection of a successor to "The Chili Widow." I say apparently, because you can rarely, if ever, prejudge the fate of a light opera or of a farcical comedy; the public very often goes dead against the critics. But "The New Baby" wanted something of spontaneity on the first night, and, while it certainly suffered somewhat from the extreme nervousness of the company,

the real cause was nearer home. For, indeed, an adapted farce has seldom sailed closer to the unpalatable; and there was one situation at which even the hardened playgoer shied. However, this incident can quite easily be removed, and it is not improbable that, if this is done, the piece may still please. In any case, Mr. Bourchier will scarcely be embarrassed, as he is understood to have several novelties up his sleeve, in case of necessity.

Mr. Gordon Craig, the son of Miss Ellen Terry, has been playing "Macbeth" in the provinces, and the other night, so the report runs, his energy was followed by disastrous results. In the combat with Macduff he broke his sword, and, before he had noticed the accident, had wounded his opponent with no stage-wound of the imagination, but palpably upon his solid flesh. "Macduff" was not seriously hurt, but the audience was greatly and naturally alarmed. Young Mr. Irving, by the by, is playing Svengali upon tour, so that the younger generation may be said to be knocking at the door with a will.

LONDON, 1 May 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

ON MAY 8 and 9, Mr. Charles H. Niehaus gave a private view, at his studio, of his model for the equestrian statue of Gen. Sherman, which is to be erected by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at the rear of the Treasury Building in Washington. The statue itself is in front of a large rectangular exhedra, ornamented with a bas-relief of the famous March to the Sea.

—During the coming week, a composite exhibition of pen-drawings, Japanese prints and American attempts in imitation of the latter will remain open at the Grolier Club. The pen-drawings, by Mr. George E. Burr, are of various Oriental art objects in bronze, crystal, lacquer, jade and porcelain. The artist has been very happy in rendering textures and values of color. The American color-prints are a series of views along the Ipswich River, drawn, engraved on the wood and printed by Mr. Arthur W. Dow of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. They show that excellent results may be attained in landscape by the methods used by the Japanese color-printers of the early part of this century, some examples of whose work have been lent by Mr. Shugio for the purpose of enabling visitors to compare them with Mr. Dow's interesting developments.

—Mrs. Whistler, the wife of Mr. J. A. McNeill Whistler, died in London on May 11.

—Mr. G. Turini, who is responsible for the Garibaldi statue in Washington Square—probably the least artistic statue in this unhappy city, if we except the S. S. Cox abomination,—has resolved to take away that work of his hands, and to replace it, at his own cost, with another, also his own work, which he considers artistically much better. The bust of the present statue will be erected on Staten Island, near the spot where Garibaldi once molded candles.

Education

Barnard's Good Fortune

LAST SATURDAY was an exciting day for Barnard College. Up to within a few hours of midnight, the Trustees did not know whether they were going to pay off the mortgage on their land or not. All day their friends worked hard to raise \$23,000, their success in this before midnight of May 9 being the condition upon which \$25,000 had been promised the day before. Now the site on Morningside Heights is secured, and the College receives the \$100,000 promised conditionally a year ago, as a building fund. The site cost \$160,000, of which \$100,000 was secured by a mortgage, an anonymous friend promising \$100,000 for a building if the mortgage should be raised by 10 May 1896. The sum now in hand for the extinction of the mortgage has come from the following subscribers:—John D. Rockefeller, \$25,000; President Low of Columbia, \$10,000; Mrs. F. E. Hackley, \$10,000; "Anonymous," \$10,000; Jacob H. Schiff, \$8,000; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$5,000; Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, \$5,000; Mrs. F. P. Olcott, \$5,000; J. B. Bloomingdale, \$5,000; "A Friend," \$5,000; "A Friend," \$4,400; Mrs. James J. Goodwin, \$1,000; Miss Emily O. Gibbes, \$1,000; the Misses Babcock, \$1,000; Morris K. Jesup, \$1,000; "A Friend," \$1,000; "Anonymous," \$1,000; Cornelius N. Bliss, \$500; Miss Mary Benson, \$500; Mrs. V. H. Rothschild, \$100.

Barnard is too fine a thing to ever suffer for want of a few

thousand dollars. This country is full of people with more money than they know what to do with. Let them give to Barnard: they cannot do better with their money.

Educational Notes

PROF. GEORGE L. BURR, holding the chair of history at Cornell University, who has been in Washington for the past two months, working for the Venezuelan Boundary Commission, sailed for Holland on May 9, for the purpose of making an examination of the Dutch records bearing upon the controversy. Prof. Burr's thorough acquaintance with new and old Dutch, French, German and Latin, in addition to his historical knowledge, makes him the right man for this work.

Mr. W. C. McDonald of Montreal will build and equip a building for chemistry and mining for the University of Montreal, on the same scale as the engineering and physics buildings already given by him to the University. The building will cost \$250,000.

The Mount Vernon Public Library was opened by the Board of Trustees on May 9. Miss Helen Kilduff Gay, a graduate of the New York State Library, is the Librarian; Miss Jennie Irwin, for many years Assistant Librarian under the Board of Education, holds the same position in the new Library. The rooms are fitted up with modern apparatus, with shelving for about 10,000 books. There are at present 5594 books in the Library. The Dewey decimal system has been followed in classification and the most improved card catalogue has been put in. The Library will be open every day, except Sundays and holidays, from 9 to 11 a. m. and from 3 to 9 p. m.

At its last meeting, the Association of Collegiate Alumnae of New York and Brooklyn considered the subject of better library facilities for Brooklyn. The end they have in view for the city is a great free circulating-library, with branches. There is a crying need in Brooklyn for more than Pratt Library can furnish.

The classical section of the Brooklyn Institute has decided to undertake the production of a Greek drama in the original, with an Attic stage, historical costumes and other classical accessories. The committee in charge of the project is made up of Mr. Harry F. Towle, Prof. William Cranston Lawton, Dr. E. S. W. Hawes and Prof. H. E. Hard. Mr. George Riddle will probably have charge of the arrangements.

The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has offered to the Board of Education, through its President, Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, to defray the expense of keeping open certain schools in densely crowded quarters of the city, between July 16 and Aug. 24, for the benefit of children who would like to attend them.

The Rev. E. D. Morris, for twenty-nine years practically at the head of Lane Theological Seminary, will be succeeded by the Rev. Henry Goodwin Smith of Freehold, N. J. Mr. Smith's father was for many years prominently connected with Union Theological Seminary in New York. A year ago Dr. Morris resigned, but his place could not be filled, so he remained. His resignation will take effect on Jan. 1.

Mr. J. Winthrop Platner, at present Lecturer on Apologetics in Union Theological Seminary, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Early Church History at Harvard.

"His College Life," a story by President William De Witt Hyde of Bowdoin College, to be published in the June *Scribner's*, will give an insight into the intellectual and spiritual side of the life of an average college boy who is intensely interested, not only in the athletics, but also in the social and studious pursuits of his college.

Notes

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. will publish in a few days "The Paget Papers: Being the Official Dispatches, Private Letters and Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, G. C. B., His Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary at Different Foreign Courts during the Napoleonic Wars, 1794-1808," edited by Sir Augustus Paget, with notes by Mrs. J. R. Green. These papers on the great Napoleonic wars differ from any contemporary record of the period in that they represent the English, instead of the Continental, point of view, and are written by an Englishman who was an actor in, as well as an eye-witness of, the development of affairs. From the various members of the royal family, especially the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) downwards, every one at home was clamoring for his news, and he was in con-

stant correspondence with Lords Grenville, Harrowby, Hawkesbury, Malmesbury, St. Helena, Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington), Whitworth and G. Leveson Gower (afterwards first Earl Granville), Admirals Lords Keith and Collingwood, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning and many others. At the same time he was in constant communication with the Continental courts.

—The plan to preserve as a memorial of the past that part of the Lowell estate which has been offered for house lots at Elmwood, is in such shape that the committee at Cambridge has the desired opportunity to buy it for a very reasonable sum, which must be raised by June 15.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. will publish on May 19 "On Snow-shoes to the Barren Grounds: Twenty-eight Hundred Miles after Musk-oxen and Wood-Bison," by Caspar W. Whitney, illustrated, parts of which have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*; "Cyrus W. Field: His Life and Work," edited by Isabella Field Judson; "Briseis," William Black's new novel, also published in *Harper's Magazine*, with illustrations by W. T. Smedley; and a new edition of Mark Twain's "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn."

—Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will publish at once "In the Valley of Tophet," a volume of short stories, by Henry W. Nevins, author of "Slum Stories of London."

—*The British Weekly* says that Miss Harraden has not quite fixed on a title for her new novel, but has thought of a striking one—"I, too, Have Passed through Wintry Terrors." What would be the popular title—"I, too," or "Wintry Terrors"? The latter would be a good one of itself.

—Messrs. J. A. Hill & Co. of this city propose to publish a series of twenty-five volumes, of about 600 pages each, under the title of "A Library of the World's Best Literature," to contain "a treasury of the best and most entertaining reading of all ages." The authors will be presented in alphabetical order, not chronologically, and each volume will be illustrated with large and vignette portraits. The work has been committed to Mr. Charles Dudley Warner as editor-in-chief, with Prof. Harry Thurston Peck and Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie as associate editors. There will be, also, an advisory board made up from the universities and colleges of the country. The volumes will be royal octavo, printed in large type and bound in library style. The plan is attractive, but the difficulties begin at the very outset—with the selection of the works to be included.

—In his forthcoming volume, "With the Fathers," Prof. John Bach McMaster will show, with extracts from English papers of 1824, that England generally approved of the Monroe doctrine when it was first enunciated. There will be, also, a study of "The Third Term Tradition." The book will be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

—Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co. have in press a "History of the Army of the United States," edited for the Military Service Institution by Gen. T. F. Rodenbough and Major William L. Haskin, U. S. A. The volume will contain historical sketches of each staff corps, department and regiment, from the date of its formation to the present day, prepared, in almost every case, by officers connected with the organizations of which they write. An interesting feature of the work will be a series of autotype portraits of all the generals-in-chief of the army, from 1789 to 1895.

—Prof. C. G. D. Roberts's new book, "Earth's Enigmas," has gone through its first edition, and a second edition is now on the press of Lamson, Wolfe & Co. The same firm has in press a "History of Canada" and a book of poems, "The Book of the Native," by the same author.

—It should interest certain Americans to know that Bret Harte is writing a serial for publication in an English periodical, and that Henry James is writing a love-story for *The Illustrated London News*. It will begin in July and run for thirteen weeks. Mr. James has ready for the press a new volume of stories, "Embarrassments."

—It is the custom of the Browning Society of Philadelphia to give each year a play in commemoration of the birth of its patron Saint, on May 7. The plays given during the last three years were "The Falcon," by Tennyson, "The Intruder," by Maeterlinck, and "The Woman's Battle," by Scribe. This year a more ambitious drama was undertaken, and at the New Century Drawing-Rooms, last Saturday, a picked cast from the Club gave Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," in a carefully condensed version by Mr. W. Alexander Stout. This drama has rarely been presented on the stage. Julia Marlowe and her company have given it several times, but it was not played during Brown-

ing's life in London, and is practically unknown save to his readers. The late Miss Helen Bell was President of the Society until her death, a year ago, and Mrs. Florence Earle Coates is her successor. Under their management the membership has grown to nearly 1000.

—The May number of *Cosmopolis*, just published, contains Hermann Sudermann's much discussed and hitherto unpublished drama, "Fritzchen," in its entirety; a novelette, "The Notary's Love-Story," by Maarten Maartens, leads off the English section;

and M. Bourget introduces his "Voyageuses" with a romance called "Charité de Femme."

Publications Received

Abbott, C. C. Notes of the Night \$1.50.
American Orations. Ed. by A. Johnston. \$1.25.
Bailey, A. W. Mark Heffron. \$1.25.
Balsac, H. de. The Unknown Masterpiece. \$1.50.
Bliss, W. R. Quail Nantucket. \$1.50.
Book of Job, The. Ed. by R. G. Moulton. 50c.

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*Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons having recently acquired the rights to the publication of The Vallima Letters, two vols., \$2.25; The Amateur Emigrant, \$1.25; The Ebb Tide, \$1.25; Macaire, \$1.00, are now the publishers in this country of all of Mr. Stevenson's works.

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